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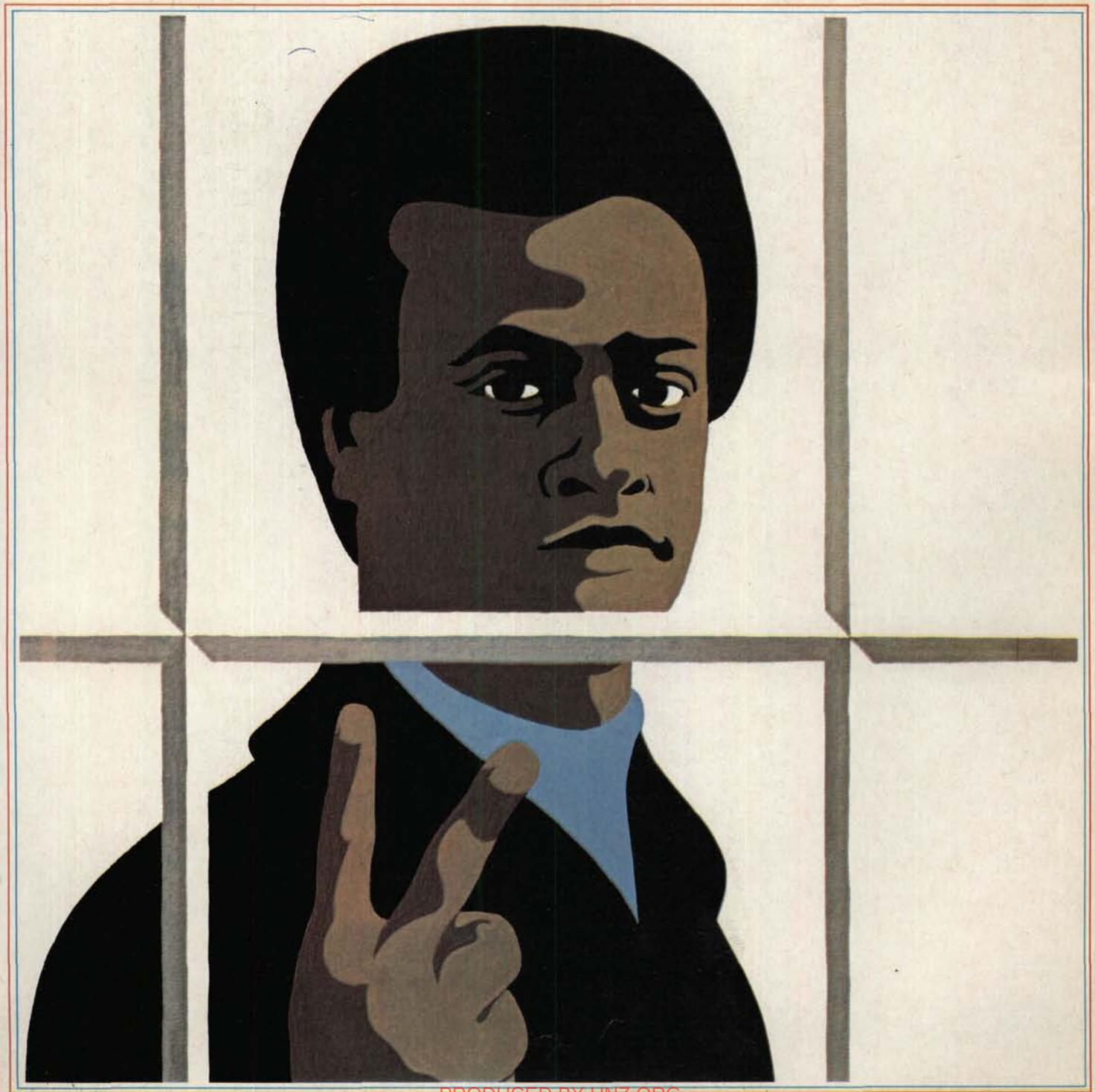

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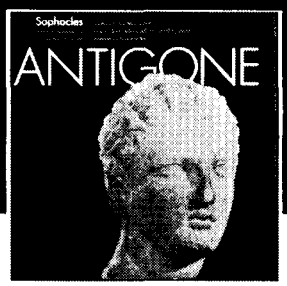

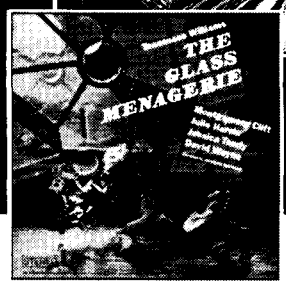

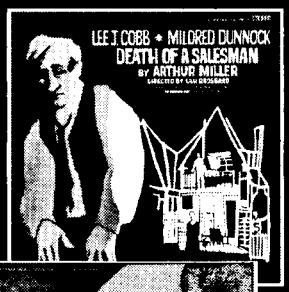

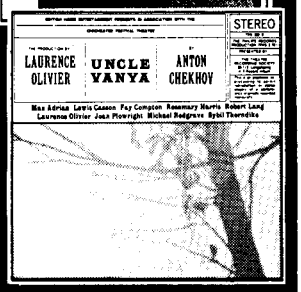

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Leading Articles:

[Page 21] Huey P. Newton

[Page 38] Olympics

[Page 44] Wallace

[Page 49] Rafferty

Apologia:

THERE COMES A TIME in the course of every magazine's events when it must ask its readers to travel to the town of their birth and register for a most peculiar census.

It is known in the vulgate as an audience survey, and its purpose is about as high-blown as that of the income tax, but, unfortunately, it is just as necessary. Therefore we must pry into the more intimate details of your (that is, the reader out there) private life to satisfy the wolfish curiosity of those advertising agencies who grant the privilege of full-color advertisements to those magazines whose readership has the proper per capita characteristics.

As you may know, RAMPARTS looks upon advertising the way a Third World nation does upon an offer of American aid. We have nothing against it in principle, but after we have seen what has happened to magazines totally depending upon it (q.v. the current gyrations of the Saturday Evening Post), we will depend on circulation revenues to keep us honest and in business, thank you.

However, several adventurous advertising agencies have for some time now been asking us for this "consumer information" and we aren't so out-of-our-minds snooty that we'll refuse to provide it since, if they come through with real life booze ads etc., it will serve to strengthen RAMPARTS' publishing and political effect.

But before you make up your mind whether it's worth the bother to take pen in hand, there are some things which you should know about RAMPARTS.

In the topsy-turvy world of magazine publishing RAMPARTS accounts for some 6.5 million of the five billion magazine copies annually blighting newsstands and mailboxes in the United States. We are the only large magazine which has its editorial bias on the political left and the only one which is not owned and financed by a large publishing monolith which is in turn owned by something or somebody else.

It is also true, however, that RAMPARTS is an underdeveloped country. Our growth rate is enormous, the technical problems of publishing a large magazine under even normal conditions are staggering, and the conditions here are never normal because the editors continually have to run about raising the capital to keep afloat such a publishing success until that dawning day when it breaks even. All of this makes, underdeveloped-country-wise, for some instability.

And there are other interruptions, from sources that might be expected. One of the factors delaying this issue was the appearance of two FBI agents in our office who interfered with Art Director Dugald Stermer's work on the cover by informing him that he was one of the targets of a federal investigation of "Chicago" for the new crime of inciting a riot. This must be the first time that that particular honor has been received by an art director.

Despite such madness, the magazine keeps coming out relatively on schedule, keeps causing trouble or embarrassment in the right places, and continues to use the aggressive power of the press to keep the political dialogue from atrophying further. This, of course, is the primary thing. Occasionally subscriptions are fouled up, or an issue is late, but that is, unhappily, as inevitable as the lack of spare auto parts in Cuba.

So it becomes necessary to be presumptuous, and to presume that our readers will be Mr. & Mrs. & Miss Nice Guy, because they understand. And we ask them to do things to help us out—like asking subscribers to renew now, even before their sub has run out, and asking everyone to fill out this nuisance audience survey. —W.H.

[OUR CENSUS]

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"You can't just sit on the outside and bitch. If you don't like something, by God go in and change it."

So says Del Behrend, an angry brunette who rose out of the first rumble of student protest. Del is an officer of the world's biggest bank, The Bank of America. In *Careers Today* magazine, she tells how her job has become a tool of change, creating economic freedom for blacks, for women, for young entrepreneurs with innovative ideas. She shapes the system to her own values.

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Special Reports

Czechoslovakia:

The Economic Factors Behind The Russian Invasion

"WE MUST GIVE IN QUIETLY," Alexander Dubcek advised a Czech audience three weeks after the Soviet invasion. "The phenomena of our post-January development caused fears in the five Socialist countries and these countries lost confidence in our policy. . . ." He paused. "We must therefore really and without ulterior motives uncompromisingly remove from political and social life that which caused the lack of confidence."

Here was the erstwhile hero of the Czech liberalization movement, the tough negotiator of Cierna, the man who only two months before was thought to have brought back national independence from Bratislava. It was as if Prince Valiant had gone to work for the Saracens.

Why had Dubcek and the other liberal Czech leaders challenged Soviet power and arrogance only to capitulate in a dramatic but humiliating fashion? What was the nature of the political impulse that drove them along this course? Why had they failed to organize a Hungarian-style resistance against the invaders?

The story goes back to 1947 and the bitter Soviet-American competition to include Czechoslovakia in their respective spheres of influence. The Czech government at the time was a coalition between Communists and Social Democrats—the result of the 1946 elections in which the Czech CP placed first. As any American political science professor will tell his students, this, of course, is impossible. The Communist Party can never be voted into power in a free election. But there they were anyhow, with their chairman, Klement Gottwald, serving as Prime Minister, and with their old antagonist, Social Democrat Eduard Benes, as President.

The government tried to pursue a pro-Soviet but independent foreign policy. Most Czech liberals, as well as the Communists, were grateful to the Soviet Army for liberating the country from the Nazis, but they had no desire to be part of the Soviet bloc. Prewar Czech trade had been directed mainly towards the West, and the Soviet economy offered little in the way of markets to the highly developed Czech consumer goods industries. So when the U.S. began to dangle Marshall Plan credits before the Czech government, the CP leaders found the offer hard to dismiss.

On July 7, 1947, a Czech delegation led by Klement Gottwald himself agreed to participate in the U.S. program. This was a serious blow for Stalin, for it was clear that acceptance of Marshall Plan aid would sooner or later mean submission to the Truman Doctrine of "containing communism" which had been proclaimed in Washington that month. Given the examples of France and Italy, where American credit had rapidly led to the expulsion of Communists from the government, Stalin feared that the U.S. intended to use economic pressure to bring Czechoslovakia firmly into the Western political and economic orbit. For strategic reasons, Stalin was convinced that a pro-Western—or even a neutral—Czechoslovakia was totally unacceptable. In addition the Soviet Union needed heavy industrial goods to rebuild and industrialize its economy. What better source than Czechoslovakia, whose impressive industrial plants were almost entirely spared by the war?

The Czech Communists were well aware of Stalin's hostility to the Marshall Plan and his fears of U.S. intentions. But the Czech Party had a long history of opposing the Moscow line when it threatened to conflict with their own interests. In the 1920's, Party leaders had refused to follow Comintern instructions on trade union organization; obedience, they said, would weaken the Czech labor movement. They disagreed with Soviet accusations of "Czech imperialism," and they even refused to consider the Social Democrats their worst enemy. The Fascists, they said, were a greater danger.

Even Klement Gottwald, who had become secretary general of the Party with the backing of Moscow, refused to follow Soviet orders blindly. "The imbeciles order us to . . ." was his usual introduction to Soviet directives in the 1930's. After World War II, Gottwald became even more rebellious. He emphasized that Soviet models were not applicable to Czechoslovakia, and he advocated a peaceful transition to socialism, long before such an approach was fashionable.

Moscow had tolerated all this, but the acceptance of the Marshall Plan was too much. Infuriated by the threat to Soviet security and industrialization, Stalin summoned Gottwald to Moscow. He arrived on July 7, accompanied by non-Communist Cabinet members Masaryk and Drtina. After a private interview with Stalin, Gottwald emerged, shaken, and announced to his compatriots, "I have never seen Stalin so furious. . . . He says that we acted as if we were ready to turn our backs on the Soviet Union."

But nobody in Czechoslovakia was ready to desert the USSR, not because of fear, but because the Russians had so often been the only ally of the Czechs. Memories of the German massacre at Lidice were strong, and only the Soviet Union had protested the Munich Pact which placed Czechoslovakia in German hands. The Western powers had been only too happy to use the Czechs as material for barter. So far as Neville Chamberlain was concerned, the Czechs were "a faraway people of whom we know little."

So in 1947, even the non-Communist Czech politicians approved of the political and military alliance with the USSR. They were somewhat hesitant to turn Czech foreign trade eastward, fearing that the Soviet Union was an inadequate market for the consumer goods which were the basis of Czech exports. But faced with a choice between Western trade and past Western be-

by Robert Fitch

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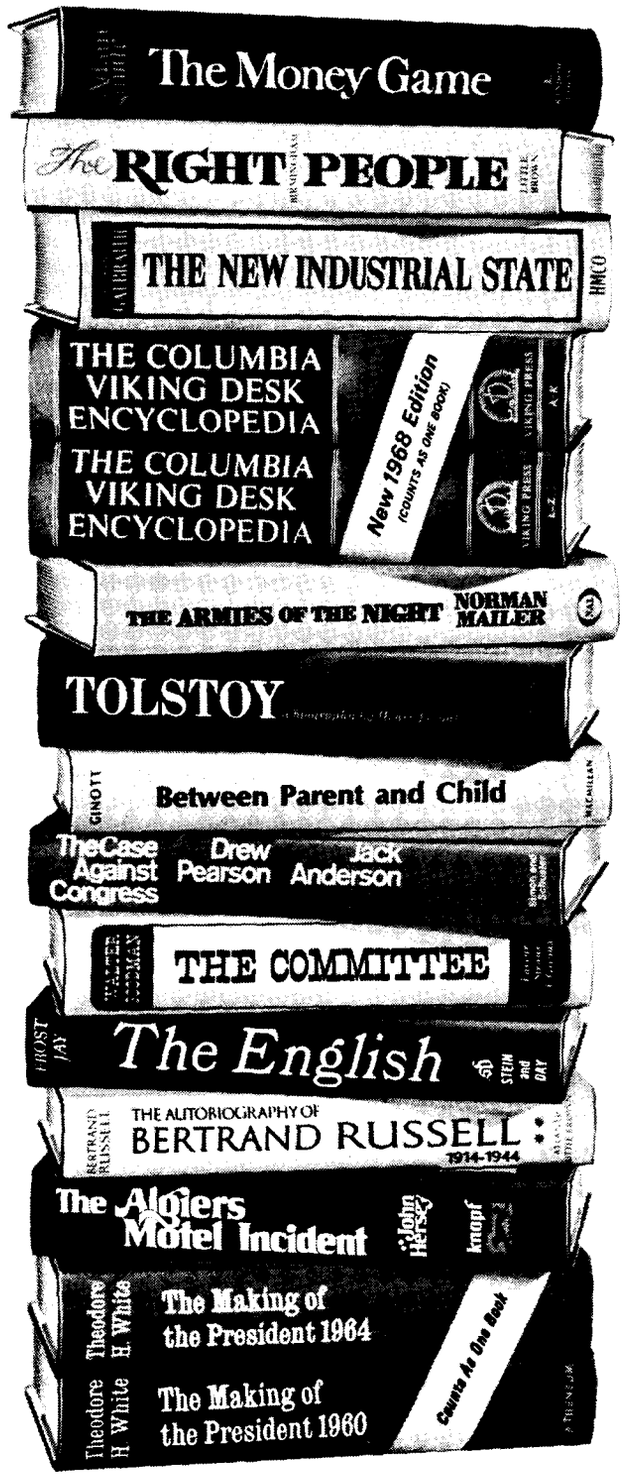

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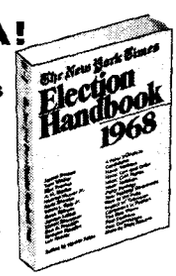

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trayal, and Eastern trade and past Soviet support, the non-Communists, led by Benes, gave in. The Marshall Plan was rejected.

THE JULY 7TH INCIDENT set the stage for the 1948 revolution. Moscow, convinced that the Czech CP was becoming too "liberal," too pro-Western, pressured Gottwald into assuming sole power. This, they implied, was the only way for him to avoid complete disgrace; it was the only way for Czechoslovakia to avoid complete absorption into the Soviet bloc.

The Czech CP leaders were in a quandary. In 1947, there were no models of independent communism. The fates of Trotsky, Bukharin and Zinoviev seemed the only future for rebellious Communists. Fearing complete destruction, Party leaders abandoned their nationalism. From July 1947 to February 1948, they struggled to oust the non-Communist forces from the government.

Paradoxically, their major difficulty was finding an issue about which the other parties cared enough to fight. After all, nationalization had been carried out only three years earlier. They tried accusing shop owners of sabotage, proposing a new "tax on millionaires," using land reform for patronage—nothing got a response. Finally the CP began to use the police force, which they had controlled since 1945. When non-Communist politicians received bombs in the mail, the police refused to investigate. After a series of such incidents, the liberal parties finally protested, but they relied on parliamentary maneuvers, neglecting to rally popular support. In the end, their protest consisted of resigning from the Cabinet.

This was the chance the CP had been waiting for. Pro-CP workers demonstrated throughout the country. Action committees took over local government. With Benes' cooperation, Gottwald formed a new government, composed of Communists and left-wing Social Democrats.

The economic changes brought about by the revolution were perhaps even greater than the political. The Czech economy was rapidly transformed—or deformed—to meet Soviet needs. In 1945, Czechoslovakia had handed its uranium mines at Jachymov—the only ones then known in Europe—over to Soviet management. Now, under the new regime, light industry and consumer goods were ignored; capital was poured into heavy industry. And the heavy industrial goods—steel, locomotives, oil piping, machine tools, complete chemical plants—went to the Soviet Union. Like Britain, the Soviet Union was using the wealth of its colonies to finance its postwar reconstruction.

And it was not only the Czech economy that changed. The Czech Communist Party, which had once been truly popular, was now accountable to Stalin, not to the Czech workers. The workers, in turn, quickly lost their loyalty to the Party leadership. In 1953, when the government tried to increase production through a currency reform that wiped out the savings of the peasants and skilled workers, Czechoslovakia saw its first post-Stalin rebellion. Joined by a few uniformed soldiers, workers occupied the Town Hall at Pilsen and demanded the removal of the government. The workers' demonstration was quickly crushed by troops from Prague.

Objectors within the government were dealt with just as crudely. Party leaders Clementis, Husak and Novomesky, who protested the infringement of the Slovak autonomy guaranteed in the Constitution, were denounced as "bourgeois nationalists." Clementis was executed and the others were sentenced to prison terms. One of Clementis' other crimes, according to the purge trial judge, was his disapproval of the Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1939.

The fall of Rudolf Slansky, Party secretary general, was even more dramatic. Denounced as a "vicious cosmopolite," he was executed in 1952. His crimes, apparently, were Jewishness and leftism.

Ironically, it was one of the surviving victims of the Slansky purges, economics professor Joseph Goldmann, who was allowed to deliver the authoritative verdict on the Stalinist system of economic planning. According to Goldmann, writing after Czechoslovakia's first socialist depression, ten years of socialist central planning had resulted in an adverse effect: it had produced capitalist business cycles. In the year 1963, he noted, inventories increased seven per cent, while total output actually declined.

The cause? Overinvestment in capital goods industries. The symptoms were a lack of market outlets for Czech capital goods and, simultaneously, insufficient production of consumer goods. And because too many *korunas* were chasing too few consumer goods, inflation accompanied depression.

What had gone wrong with the Stalinist system of all-out emphasis on the production of capital goods? Actually, the system didn't work badly at all for the Soviet Union. But for the more advanced Eastern European countries which were pressed into the Soviet mold, the result was economic chaos. Czechoslovakia produced capital goods for the Soviet market: Tomsk needed machine tools; Pinsk needed a steel factory; Minsk needed a complete chemical plant. But this market was not infinitely expandable. As the USSR approached industrial maturity, it became more and more capable of producing all the chemical plants it needed, and its heavy industrial orders could no longer absorb the output of Eastern Europe.

The Eastern European economies had been reorganized to fit the short-term requirements of the Soviet Union during the early Cold War period. For countries like Rumania and Bulgaria, which lacked capital goods industries, this wasn't so bad. But for a relatively mature country like Czechoslovakia, it was disastrous.

AS THE ECONOMIC CRISIS DEEPENED, a group of economists, led by Ota Sik, a professor of economics at the University of Prague, began to raise serious criticisms of the deformation of the Czech economy by the Russians and of the misfunctions of central planning in Czechoslovakia. Many people tend to regard the issues of civil liberties and freedom of criticism as the most crucial in the dispute between the Czechs and the Russians. Nevertheless, the proposals for economic reform were the first and the most important step in Czechoslovakia's break with Moscow, and economic issues have remained central disagreements to this day. The Sik group of economists originally raised the criticisms within very narrow circles in the Party and the universities. But as they continued to encounter stubborn resistance from Novotny's pro-Russian faction, they were forced to become more and more public in their criticism.

The solution offered by the economists was that the planned economy needed a kick in the pants from certain types of market mechanisms. The economy, they thought, had to start operating a little more on its own and a little less in accordance with the dictates of an unimaginative Party bureaucracy which still took its orders from Moscow. The economists proposed a decentralization of economic units; competition between these units; a system whereby profit would gauge the relative efficiency of the units; and finally, personal and collective incentives within the units through wage differentiation.

In practice, the new "competitive" system has posed as many problems as the Moscow-oriented central plan. The effect was as if the logic of competition were suddenly grafted onto an industrial economy already replete with huge monopolies and trusts. There was simply no one to compete with. Thus, when the economists give the order for managers to respond to market stimuli, the managers raise their prices and lower their output. This may increase their profits, but it does little to improve the overall performance of the Czech economy. The arrangement seems to work precisely like the U.S. steel industry.

The conclusion the Czech economists drew from the first six months of reform was that further decentralization was required. Break up the state monopolies, abandon the state monopoly of foreign trade, enforce competition between state factories—these are some of the proposals that were discussed.

However, a discussion of reforms on a purely technical economic level misses the

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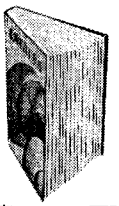

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essential point: until now, the central planning of the Czech economy has been imposed to suit the needs of Russia. The primary purpose of the newly introduced market mechanisms is to liberate the Czech economy from the USSR. Under the slogans of "market mechanisms" and "internal reform of the economy," the Ota Sik group, once it had taken control of the economy, set about trying to undo the damage that 20 years of economic subordination to Russia had done. The most immediate concern was to replace Czechoslovakia's industrial white elephants—those heavy industrial plants set up to service the needs of the USSR. By this time, the plants were too obsolete to compete profitably with the West. And subsidies from the government wouldn't help much; goods which satisfied the USSR aren't acceptable in more sophisticated Western markets.

The problem the economists faced was fairly clear: in order to switch to Western markets, Czechoslovakia had to modernize its plants and get into some new lines of business. And this required capital. They figured they needed about $400 to $500 million in credits from the USSR to begin retooling Czech factories. The Czechs reasoned that the Soviets should be willing to give them the money, especially since they had been giving the Soviets—and other bloc members—credit for years. But the Russians said no. In addition, the Russians informed the Czechs that they wouldn't even repay what they owed in "hard" currency (*francs*, pounds, dollars), but would only pay off their debts to the Czechs in *rubles*.

THE SECOND BIG SHOCK for the Czech planners was the Fiat deal of 1967. Soviet planners had decided to go into the automobile industry in a bigger way. Car ownership would be granted to middle-level Party cadres and ordinary technocrats instead of just to the top Party people and the managers of important plants. Since increased foreign technology was required to meet this escalation, the Soviets began to shop around. They narrowed the field to two candidates: Italian-owned Fiat, which had American financial backing, and the Czech-run Skoda manufacturing complex. In terms of dollars and cents, the Czech bid was a little lower than the Italian-American offer. But the contract went to Fiat—because it provided better credit terms. Big brother was being very difficult indeed.

And there was worse to come. Late in 1967, Soviet economists discovered that they were being exploited by the pricing system they had invented for Comecon (the Eastern European equivalent of the Common Market). Comecon prices were based on world market prices—and as raw material exporters, the Russians were affected by the worldwide decline in raw material prices. They were delivering more oil for Czech machinery and receiving less in return. So they told the Czechs that the Comecon price system would have to go.

But the Czechs, whose economy was a shambles anyhow, didn't want a further decline in the value of their exports, and they resisted the Russian proposals. The Russians responded by threatening to revalue the *ruble*, which plays the same dominant role in Eastern Europe that the dollar does in the West. By automatically making the *ruble* worth more in relation to the *koruna*, the Russians would pay less for what they imported from Czechoslovakia. Thus, by revaluation, the Russians threatened to get through financial means what they hadn't been able to win by a revision of the price system.

These proposals only served to put the Czechs even more up-tight. And so they began to turn to the West for the credits and markets they couldn't find in the East. In this, the Czechs were only doing what all Eastern European countries would like to do, and what Rumania has largely succeeded in doing. But the Czechs went farther than any of them had previously dared. They went to West Germany. Or, rather, West Germany came to them.

In July 1968, Prague's Foreign Minister Jiri Hajek welcomed West Germany's Walter Scheel, leader of the Free Democratic Party, and Karl Blessing, head of the Central Bank (and who, incidentally, is described even in West Germany as an ex-Nazi). Discussions lasted five days, after which Scheel reported back to Foreign Minister Willy Brandt. According to Le Monde, the subjects of diplomatic recognition, trade and credits were discussed. The Polish government news agency, PAP, attacked the meetings as a West German "beachhead" in Czechoslovakia.

The Poles and the East Germans, who also attacked the meeting in Prague, may have been afraid that a West German trade agreement with Czechoslovakia would mean the end of the "iron triangle" defense system of Czechoslovakia, Poland and East Germany against what they regard as the ever-present danger of West German *revanchisme*. But certainly there were some sour grapes in their criticism. In recent years, both Poland and East Germany have been assiduously cultivating their relations with capitalist Western countries; the West has been just as assiduously responsive, in the hopes of splitting Comecon apart and creating new outlets for Western goods and investments. This courtship has been carried on through trade missions and private discussions and was widely touted in the Western press. But there are only so many credits and so much market to go around; the East Germans and the Poles felt that the Czechs were taking German markets and financing which they had hoped to win for themselves.

BESIDES BEING FEARFUL THAT Czechoslovakia would slip out of Comecon, the Russians and their allies were alarmed by the increase in civil and political freedoms that Dubcek, Sik and the Czech economic reformers were granting to organized groups of writers and students. For the reformers, the political movement that centered around the students was merely a means to start the economic reform program they intended to implement. There was also a free speech issue involved: under Novotny, the economists had been unable to publish their ideas in the Czech press.

What the reformers saw most of all in the student movement was an opportunity to build a base of popular support for economic reform. For years the reformers had been operating within the Party framework and in the Central Committee, and to all intents and purposes they had gotten nowhere. It was a struggle among elites, and the reformers were getting the worst of it, due to the influence of the Russians and Novotny's strength within the Party bureaucracy. Consequently, they were willing to support the students' program for democratization and civil liberties if the students would help build a popular movement to support economic reform.

But democratization stopped short when it came to the factory and office workers, the peasants and the miners—that is, the classes which form the bulk of Czechoslovakia's population. The "liberal" reformers had grown up with the Party and had been operating within it for years; they were not anxious to see control pass out of their hands and into the streets. Thus there was no democratization of the bureaucratic, Party-run trade unions. Czech workers still have no collective bargaining rights. Instead, in keeping with the new program of decentralization, "workers' councils" were set up.

The new institution has a radical-sounding name, but so far there have been no indications that the councils will threaten managerial authority. Theoretically the councils have the right to remove management at will, but this is not as easy as it seems, since managerial and quasi-managerial personnel hold one-third of the seats. It may be that in time the workers' councils, even though they have been instituted from above, will develop into real organs for workers' control, but thus far when they have operated at all, they have been used by the government as a convenient means of removing old-line Party bureaucrats from office. As a noted Czech jurist pointed out, even trade unions under capitalism give workers more control.

But the real aim of the workers' councils wasn't to turn managerial power over to factory workers. As Ota Sik explained, sounding like Clark Kerr, the councils would "overcome the workers' feeling of alienation

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from the plant and the false attitude manifesting itself in the formulation of 'demands' to be made on somebody 'higher up.' "

The higher-ups, however, found it difficult to mobilize widespread or enthusiastic support for their economic reforms—especially when they explained that as a consequence of the reforms, 300,000 workers would have to be "re-deployed," and that they would receive only 60 per cent of their normal income while they were looking for other work. And that "lazy workers," of whom the managers estimated there were a considerable number, would find the new work methods and production expectations quite rigorous indeed.

Can we really be surprised then, that it was mainly students, managers and intellectuals who actively supported the New Course? Or that the only "General Strike" which was actually carried out in the factories in the course of the invasion occurred during the lunch hour?

By simply tilting back towards the West, Dubcek, Sik and the others were no more able to redeem the promises the Party made the Czech people in 1948, than were their Stalinist predecessors who faced towards the East. Perhaps the Soviet invasion and the disillusionment with Czech liberalism will breed a generation of Czech rebels who depend on neither East nor West, but rather on the people of their own country.

Viet-Nam:

The Decline and Fall of U.S. Morale

by Donald Duncan

After an absence of two and one half years, I returned to Viet-Nam this summer, to see for myself what the GI was thinking and how he was performing. Any person who has had a long acquaintance with the military and has been exposed to war is condemned to a lifetime of fascination with both. This is as true for those who have learned to detest militarism as it is for members of the American Legion. The real object of that fascination is the soldier, a man who has been plucked from a familiar environment and plunked down in a foreign and unnatural collectivity.

For some time before I revisited Viet-Nam, whenever my opinion about troop morale was sought I assured my audience that I believed it to be good, that the United States military, like any army, was expending no little effort to assure that our men were sufficiently motivated to make them an effective force and to cushion them against privation and hardship. As time went on, however, despite the prattle of such experts as Bob Hope and Martha Raye, doubts began to form in my mind. In part this was the result of an increase of friendly mail, in response to certain of my articles, from GI's in Viet-Nam. More important, I realized that the government was suddenly expending an inordinate amount of energy and resources to convince the soldiers and the folks at home that troop morale and esprit were high. So I decided to see for myself.

All over Viet-Nam today large columns of odious black smoke rise to violate the once clear blue of the Asian sky. And it's not napalm. It's burning shit. Amid a host of indicators, few symbolize the changed nature of the war and the military in Viet-Nam as do those black columns. From the DMZ to the Delta, on denuded mountain tops and in base camps, each morning hundreds of GI's are detailed to extract thousands of cut-down oil drums from beneath an equal number of privies. After moving the containers a short distance, the unfortunates on the shit detail (men who no doubt arrived in Viet-Nam believing themselves to be the defenders of freedom's frontiers) pour diesel oil on the contents, ignite it and periodically stir the flaming excretion until it is consumed. As he keeps shuffling to windward the individual can contemplate his lot ("And what did you do in the war, Daddy?") or try to calculate the thousands of man hours and gallons of diesel oil expended each week to burn shit.

Although done in the name of sanitation, the point is, of course, that no aggressive, forward-moving army has either the time or the inclination to concern itself with such elaborate housekeeping procedures. Whether by design or accident the U.S. military is operating out of what can only be termed enclaves. The fighting continues, the greasy smoke from napalm joins that from the privies, people on all sides are still being killed, but a war in the sense of World War II, or for that matter in the manner of 1967, there isn't.

I found the Army changed. It has changed because there is a new soldier in Viet-Nam, a man who comes from that part of our society which is vital and turbulent. To generalize on the soldier in Viet-Nam would be as unrealistic as generalizing on the youth here at home, but it is safe to say that this new soldier is no more prone to accept officialdom's explanations than he was when he was a civilian. In fact, what may set him apart from the GI's of a few years ago is the fact that he is really still a civilian—his basic training somehow didn't "take." The new draftee or enlistee has been involved passively or actively in the "great debate" for a couple of years now; he is well informed, and information has become an enemy of the military establishment.

Through 1965 and into 1966, soldiers (military personnel of all services, not only the Army) assigned to Viet-Nam were mobile. By mobility, I refer to the individual GI's access to areas outside his normal

(*Continued on page 16*)

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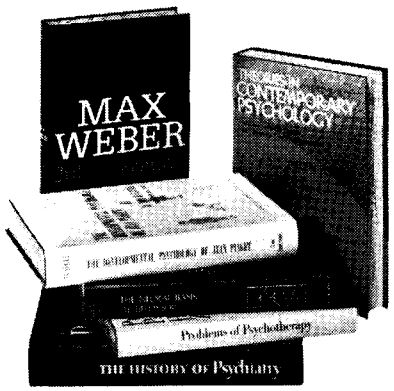

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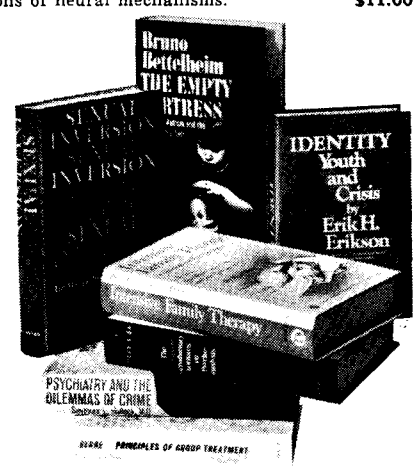

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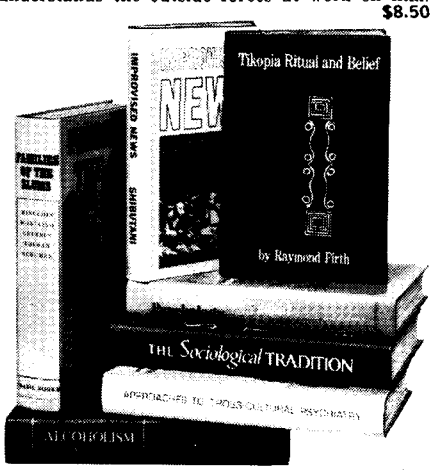

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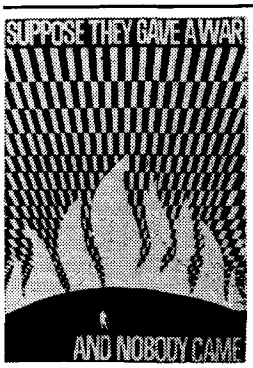

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(*Continued from page 12*)

workaday environment. Whenever a man's presence was not essential, he was encouraged to go into town and "blow it out." Not only could a field soldier reach his favorite city fairly easily, but city-bound clerks could visit remote camps and get away from the "paper war." This was considered good for morale—and it was. Well into 1965, most GI's were "lifers" (the word now used by short-term soldiers to describe career personnel), and although they had empirical access to the country, could see the contradictions and hear the gripes, for the most part they felt certain they were "doing a job." The militaristic belief that citizens have a duty to serve in the military was well ingrained.

In 1966, with the huge build-up of American forces, came a different soldier—and with him came chaos. The streets of Saigon were choked with GI's; prices soared; there was standing room only in bars and night clubs; incidents among soldiers, and between soldiers and Vietnamese, became all too common. Most importantly, access and mobility began to have an effect on morale opposite to that intended. To correct the situation, the military enacted a crash program to remove all "nonessential" soldiers from the larger towns and cities, and a mammoth "positive information" program. As the number of troops increased, the number of military information specialists and small unit newspapers increased geometrically.

IN WHAT APPEARS TO BE a deliberate attempt to isolate as many troops as possible from the Vietnamese, the military has created a series of camps in the Corps Tactical Zones (CTZ), each camp the size of a modest city. Normal procedure has been to select a site which is well removed from population centers but central to an area of operation; to bulldoze the area, surround it with mines and barbed wire and construct camps that closely resemble Camp Funston at Fort Riley, Kansas.

The 4th Division "Highlanders" Camp Enari illustrates the point. The division is responsible for the highlands area of II CTZ, and is homesteading a huge new complex, well outside of Pleiku. The camp is complete with its own water and power supplies, an airstrip, a PX, information offices, a supply depot, a swimming pool, several clubs—in short, it's a self-sufficient city. There are more than 5000 soldiers stationed at this headquarters post—more than one-fourth of the division's total strength. These men, in addition to being "home" guards, support three large forward bases, which in turn support a series of fire bases atop the mountains, which in turn protect the support bases on the valley floors. Indeed, so many troops are occupied with supporting those who are supporting, that less than one-third of the division can be spared for offensive action. Cam Ranh, Chu Lai and Long Binh are three other similarly isolated enclaves where GI's can be deluged with "positive" information.

Replacements for the 4th Division arrive by jet at Cam Ranh Bay (American); within 48 hours they are flown to an airfield (American) near Pleiku where they are immediately put aboard a bus (American) and driven to Camp Enari (American). There they are given briefings by officers who take turns lecturing them on the typical do's and don'ts: "Take your malaria pills . . . there is a strain of VD here that can't be cured . . . don't mess around with the Vietnamese or Montagnards working around the camp . . . don't be telling the press war stories or how bad things are 'cause things aren't bad. You tell the press stories and they print them and that's what causes all these peace marches and things. . . . If you see something you don't understand ask the cadre to explain it—that's why we're here . . ." Each point is driven home with a horror story, a liberal waving of the Manual for Courts-Martial, the threat of LBJ (Long Binh jail) or the threat of a shit detail—the latter being no idle figure of speech.

After nine days of orientation and training ("to wash off any civilian that might have accumulated while you were on embarkation leave"), each soldier is assigned to what will probably be his job for the next 12 months. If he is assigned to Enari or a forward support base such as Dak To, that is where he will remain; his knowledge of Viet-Nam will be restricted, hopefully, to that area limited by the barbed wire which surrounds the camp. He will be allowed one R&R (rest and recuperation) leave during his 12 months—*out-of-country*. If he is fortunate enought to be assigned to a fire base atop one of the many mountains, he will be allowed one *in*-country R&R—but it cannot be taken in Saigon. The leave must be taken in some place like Vung Tau (formerly Cap St. Jacques), once the playground of the French and now the main in-country R&R center.

Vung Tau is isolated on a peninsula which juts out into the South China Sea at the mouth of the Saigon River. Its once quiet, tree-lined streets are now cluttered with GI's and hundreds of shanty bars. The tranquility of the long white beaches is fractured by the chrome whistles of the Special Services lifeguards who watch over acres of sunburned soldiers water skiing, body surfing and sailboating. The GI's pursuit of happiness is unhampered by the presence of Vietnamese—today in Vung Tau, the Vietnamese are a minority.

This may well be the first time in history that an army has been isolated from the populace not to deny information to the enemy, but to deny information to the troops. Unfortunately, however, the program hasn't worked, and all the time-proven gimmicks to improve morale seem only to have created more problems.

ALTHOUGH CRITICISMS OF OUR Viet-Nam policies and practices can be heard from military personnel all over the country, it does not mean that the soldiers in Viet-Nam are ready to mutiny, throw down their weapons and embrace the enemy. On the contrary. Despite the contradictions, despite the futility of not getting anywhere, most soldiers *want* to believe that they are right, that they haven't been sold a bill of goods, that what they are doing *is* important. Most avoid debating the war at all; when they can't avoid it, they fall back on Ruskisms and emotion. Unfortunately, in spite of themselves and the efforts of the military, information of the unprocessed variety seeps through. It comes from the GI's own observations, or from what another soldier has seen and related, and it is having its effects.

Missing among the troops in Viet-Nam is the sense of union that normally develops among individuals who live and work together. The interests of the black soldier, for instance, are not those of his white contemporary, and he is in Viet-Nam for very different reasons. The military is still an economic refuge for blacks, but the black soldier is becoming aware of what's happening in the cities at home, and the idea of being sent home to fight his own people in the ghetto is be inning to haunt him more and more. In addition, although there is mutual assistance on the job and "soul brother" relationships sometimes develop across racial lines, the difference in backgrounds and interests is still conspicuously present. Complaints are heard about a lack of "soul" nights at the service clubs, and in the rear areas even the camaraderie of the foxhole is sadly lacking.

Fights occur, and with increasing frequency, between the "lifers" and the "short-termers" (the category is determined more by attitude and state of mind than by rank, time in service or means of induction). When off-duty, the two go their separate ways, as do the blacks and the whites. Another division is between the "alkies" (usually lifers) and the "pot-heads" (usually short-termers). The feeling against grass users seems to rise in proportion to alcohol intake. The very sight of a man known to use grass is often enough to send an "alkie" into a blind rage. In one instance near Bien Hoa, a company party turned into a near riot when the "alkies" became infuriated because too many men were not drinking, preferring instead to slip outside and share a joint.

For decades, the Army has managed to control a large number of soldiers with a

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minimum of supervision by exploiting peer group approval. But the new soldier couldn't care less about being accepted by his military peers. He looks elsewhere for respect and he knows that there are any number of people back home whose opinions he values and who think and feel the way he does.

Examples of the changing attitudes are numerous. For instance, in a command bunker at Fire Base 29, a combat medic joyfully announced in front of his commanding officer and his fellow GI's that he had only three days left. Then he started dumping on his unit and the MEDCAP (Medical and Civil Affairs) program. He was obviously the envy of all those present, and the commanding officer walked quietly from the bunker. And in November, when General Westmoreland was calling the battle of Loc Ninh a victory, others were pointing out that the same enemy force "destroyed" at Loc Ninh attacked Bu Dop ten days later. When MACV (Military Assistance Command in Viet-Nam) stated that they had known all along that the Tet offensive was coming, laughter among the GI's was unanimous. No one knows better than the soldier how suprised they were when they realized that the attacks could not have taken place without the assistance of what they had thought were Vietnamese friends. Daily announcements of "imminent" attacks are now greeted cynically as a rather transparent attempt by the brass to avoid being caught again with egg on their faces.

THE VAGARIES OF THE policymakers have even had their effects on the Marines. In November, elements of the First and Fourth Marines were placed in a static position at Khe Sanh; they were told that the losses they took under intense artillery and rocket fire were necessary because Khe Sanh was "essential." Predictably, the defense of Khe Sanh was termed a victory. But in July, the base was suddenly declared nonessential and was evacuated. It is doubtful that there was one Marine who was personally sorry to leave, but the withdrawal created much bitterness. While the bulldozers were ripping up the runways and bunkers, a correspondent asked a "grunt" what he thought about the withdrawal. "Go tell it to the dead" was his snarled reply.

When the story was repeated to Lieutenant Colonel Allen (USMC)--who continually reminds his listeners that he is a PhD with an IQ of 180—he responded: "The trouble is the grunts just can't understand a war of attrition." And perhaps they can't. To a man helplessly crouching day after day watching his buddies being killed and wounded, questionable kill-ratio statistics inflicted on an unknown, unseen enemy are small consolation. And after so much suffering, to turn around and admit it was all a mistake, "But with this new plan. . . ."

The lethargy, lack of aggressiveness if you like, is not restricted to enlisted personnel. Except in "elite units," a junior officer seldom gains the confidence of his men by endangering them with "gung ho" acts. Time and again I heard lieutenants state that they were getting out and going back to school to become teachers. "I'd like to stay in until I make captain, for reserve purposes, but if I do I'll end up back here, and I'm never coming back to Nam."

Mass firepower, originally used to offset a shortage of line troops and to forestall outraged cries over high casualties, has become the young officers' out. This is not a comment on bravery but rather on attitude. Because of the junior leaders' attitude, the military has had to replace leadership with technology. This in turn has resulted in increasing hostility on the part of the Vietnamese toward the Americans. Vietnamese reaction to the wholesale destruction of Saigon's District VIII is typical: "How many of our innocent people's lives were taken in exchange for one VC body, and how many hundreds or thousands of their houses were burned or destroyed in exchange for an AK-47 [rifle] . . . This is not fighting, this is merely destruction for enjoyment's sake. . . ." These are not the words of an NLF propagandist but of the man who was almost single-handedly responsible for making District VIII a strong government enclave—Ho Ngoc Nhuan, a member of the National Assembly, who uttered these sentiments in a speech he gave before that body.

In an interview, Mr. Nhuan added: "I can no longer control my people because I cannot control the destruction. I am not their representative; because I am of the government, to my people I now represent only destruction."

ONE AFTERNOON WHILE I WAS grabbing a hamburger at the USO, two GI's from a "log" command were at the next table going through the Stars and Stripes. Turning to the centerfold, one soldier suddenly burst out with, "Sons of bitches!"

"What is it?" asked the other.

"This, that's what," The soldier showed his companion a two-page spread. Most of the pictures were of damaged houses and rubble that had once been houses. The captions said that, whereas the allies had been taking great pains to avoid excessive damage in the house-to-house fighting in Cholon, the VC hadn't been quite so considerate. The destruction was the result of wanton enemy acts.

"Oh, man, that's a batch of shit."

"Whaddya mean? There's the pictures."

"Lookit. I was here all last week working the shuttle. Those buildings were destroyed by American planes and ARVN tanks. It wasn't even house-to-house fighting, it was more like urban renewal. ARVN was too busy looting to do any serious fighting."

"You mean the Army's put this story 180 degrees?"

"Exactly. Hell, how do you think those colonels got killed in Cholon last Sunday? Tanks and choppers had been hitting that area all afternoon."

The incident the GI's were referring to created such an outcry that a decision was made to use "actual" house-to-house fighting techniques to rout the holdouts in Gia Dinh, another Saigon suburb. To find troops that still knew how to fight that way, the military had to bring in American and Vietnamese Special Forces all the way from Nha Trang.

The battle for Hill 875 last November was one of the rare times the Army has launched an assault without first "softening" the objective with massive firepower. Two U.S. battalions were decimated in order to gain a hill which nobody needed. Although Westmoreland called it a victory, today even the brass concede that it was a disaster.

The military's efforts to overcome the prevailing attitude have been impressive if not successful. To restrict healthy, virile young men to the monotony of base camps or mountain tops, months on end, can of itself destroy morale. The military, in its infallible wisdom, has decided that hot food and hard work can take the place of freedom of movement and women. To provide the food, each morning the 4th Division dispatches helicopters to its base camps. For the remainder of the day, the copters shuttle groceries, beer, gumdrops, mail and ammo from the valley floor to the surrounding peaks. On Colonel Tambaught's hill behind Dak To, those men not burning shit or unloading groceries are busy tearing down old bunkers and building new ones. In accordance with the military precept that men don't think while they're working, everyone in Viet-Nam works at least a 12-hour day. This means somebody has to keep thinking up things for the GI's to do —housekeeping chores, inspections and the like. The meaningless work only reinforces the new soldier's knowledge that his presence in Viet-Nam has no real value.

I have already mentioned the plethora of small unit information papers created to present the GI with "positive" stories. Many of the reporters for these papers have been selected from among the short-termers because of a shortage of qualified personnel among the lifers. Men are chosen for the job because they have a command of the language, powers of analytic observation and the ability to translate their observations into language. To perform his mission, the

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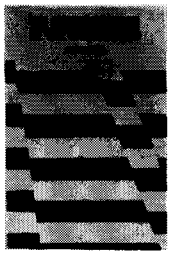
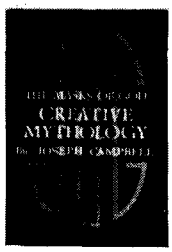

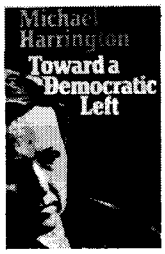

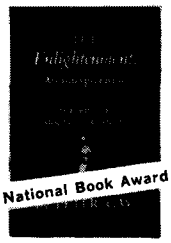

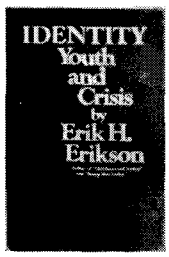

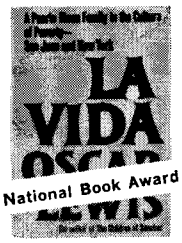

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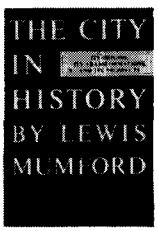

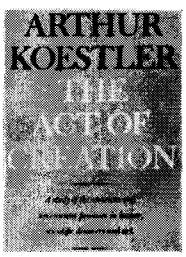

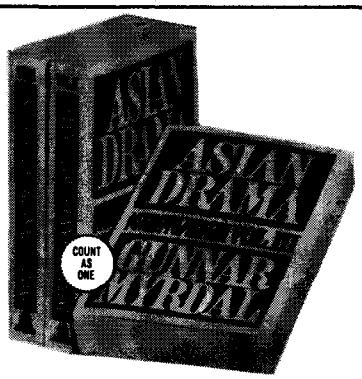

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reporter has to move around, have access to what's happening, and talk with many people. He writes his "positive" stories, but he offsets what he considers hypocrisy by talking *to* as well as *with* other GI's. As a group, I found the information specialists second only to the junior officers as the most cynical and dissident element in Viet-Nam.

Another part of the military's problem is mail from home, traditionally a high priority item. Logistics aside, mail is now presenting the military with a new problem. Many GI's, aware that they are being systematically propagandized within a limited frame of reference, deliberately seek out sources for divergent views. One such source is the small tabloids put out by various groups in the States and sent free to the GI's.

When these tabloids first started showing up in the GI's mail, they were so obviously written by people with no conception of the dilemma of their target audience that the military gleefully allowed them to be distributed. But new tabloids have appeared, and at least one, "Viet-Nam GI," is written solely by Viet-Nam veterans. At least two pages in each issue are devoted to letters from GI's expressing their frank opinions on the war, the lifers and the military. The reception has been such that "Viet-Nam GI" is now publishing two separate editions, one for the overseas GI's and one for those Stateside. Now the heretofore silent soldier in Viet-Nam knows he not only has a peer group back home, but also one in Nam—and they seek each other out. The military's problem is how to allow one publication to get through and embargo another without making manifest that it is denying information to the troops.

THE ENTERTAINMENT PROGRAM, while welcome, certainly has not had the expected results. Typical fare on the Armed Forces TV network is Lucille Ball, Danny Thomas, or a "Clean-Cuts in a Beautiful America" special. The time normally devoted to car and soap commercials is filled with U.S. Savings Bonds appeals, Your American Heritage, Military Courtesy bits, and so on. Not surprisingly, the most popular shows are the news and sportscasts.

Radio is a little better. Among the lifers the hillbilly music programs are the most popular. "Matt Dillon, the first man they wanna know, and the last man they wanna meet" is probably second. For the short-timers, a "rock" program featuring a DJ who has a penchant for "Haight" and "soul" talk is the most popular—a phenomenon which probably had much to do with the decision to "can" (pre-record) all future programs from the States.

The military also makes transport to even the most remote enclaves available for live entertainers and daily distributes thousands of cans of film which are shown even in covered bunkers atop the mountains. Both are welcomed by the soldier—but they also remind him of where he is not. The USO-sponsored entertainers, who come in varying shades of mediocrity, come back extolling the high morale of the men on the field, marvelling that the men seldom complain. Of course—who wants to talk about the charming bunker he's occupied for three months? The entertainer represents the other world, the one he wants to hear about. Reporters (especially women) receive the same response as do the Red Cross Do-Nut Dollies who, although they don't entertain per se, are always welcome. The soldier doesn't want sympathy or a pat on the head. He wants information and a girl (not necessarily in that order).

Other indicators of the efforts to motivate the GI are the increase of on-post clubs, swimming pools, theaters, water skiing at places like Cam Ranh Bay, fast promotions and the old favorite—the passing out of numerous awards and decorations. Though welcome, they only add to the homesteading appearance of the U.S. military.

It would be interesting to have a breakdown on the amount of money spent for all these items, plus make-work equipment and housekeeping materials, homesteading facilities, etc. The determination that our boys will lack for nothing has, of course, resulted in huge excesses. In the past year the U.S. Army has shipped over 200 million pounds of supplies *out* of Viet-Nam. The total includes 34.76 million pounds of equipment issued to troop units which are returned to base depots, unused, for lack of need. Much of the remaining equipment never gets off the beach, much less out of the crates. Yet excess material continues to pile up on those same beaches.

Hundreds of supply specialists have had to be sent to Viet-Nam just to identify the material in the piles—the labels have long ago bleached out or washed away in open storage. Equipment not rusted or rotted away is "retrograded" to Japan, Okinawa or Thailand. To the original cost of these excess supplies must be added the shipping, reshipping and handling costs, and the cost in terms of extra men and equipment needed to handle such bulk.

The culprit, the Army says, is that infallible money-saver, the computer. The computer has been programmed for automatic requisitions—supplies to be shipped whether asked for or not. Left unexplained is why the dastardly cards that keep cranking out unneeded shipping orders cannot be found and removed.

IN AN EFFORT TO FIND some reason for the overall lethargy, I considered the peace talks. After all, the leaders of any army take a gamble when, while exhorting their troops to maximum effort, they indicate a willingness to settle for less than ultimate victory. It was logical to assume that, as in Korea, the peace talks might result in psychological letdown; that a "who-wants-to-be-the-last-man-killed-in-a-war" syndrome would manifest itself. But after countless talks with lifers and short-termers alike, it became obvious that the threat of peace was having more effect on the stock market than on the GI. Though most hoped for the best from the talks, not one soldier believed anything would happen to effect his DEROS (Date Estimated Return from Overseas).

The feeling is that even if a cease-fire occurred right now, most GI's would be stuck in Viet-Nam for their full 12-month tour anyway. And since only a relatively small percentage of the troops are engaged in actual combat, a cease-fire would have little effect on the majority of GI's.

The 12-month rotation plan has a positive effect on morale in that it eliminates the individual's feeling that the war could last forever for him—an important factor in an unpopular war where only the smallest percentage of our populace is actually exposed to the threat of being killed. This positive aspect, however, is partially offset by an inherent "short-timers" syndrome effect—the tendency for individuals to grow more cautious as their tour gets short. The military feels the subsequent loss in combat efficiency is worth it in order to get the optimum number of troops "blooded"—a circumstance considered to be a great asset by the militarists. In General Westmoreland's words: "I bet the Russian Army is jealous as hell. Our troops are here getting all this experience. . . .Those Russian generals would love to be here. . . . Any true professional wants to march to the sound of gunfire."

The only way the military could stop the growing dissent and the flow of information would be to come down hard on those spreading it. But those responsible are an amorphous group; there is no plan, no program, no organization. Thus, the military would have to pick off each individual and stick them in the already overcrowded stockades. Few things, however, are as devastating to the morale and esprit of a unit as a high incidence of courts-martial.

Huddled over our drinks in an on-post bar at Qui Nhon, I asked my Spec Four companion what he thought the effect of drafting graduate students would be. A graduate himself, his face broke into a wide grin.

"For the Army, it's going to be a disaster," he replied. Leaning back, he raised his glass and, oblivious to the NCO's and officers alike, he proposed an increasingly popular toast: "Fuck the Army."

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Selections from the Biography of HUEY P. NEWTON by Bobby Seale, with an Introduction

[and an Aside to Ronald Reagan]

by Eldridge Cleaver

Huey P. Newton. A narration and commentary by those who know him. Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party, the baddest motherfucker ever to set foot inside history. Huey P. Newton, the brother, black man, a nigger, the descendant of slaves, who stood up in the heart of the ghetto, at night, in alleys, confronted by racist pigs with guns, and said: "My name is Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party. I'm standing on my Constitutional rights. I'm not going to allow you to brutalize me. I'm going to stop you from brutalizing my people. You got your gun, Pig, I got mine. If you shoot at me, I'm shooting back."

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An Aside to Ronald Reagan

I HAVE NEVER LIKED Ronald Reagan. Even back in the days of his bad movies—bullshit flicks that never turned me on to any glow—I felt about him the way I felt about such nonviolent cowboys as Roy Rogers and Gene Autry: that they were never going to cause any action or allow anything to happen. They were just there, occupying space and wasting my time, my money and my sanity. There was a sort of unreality in their style. One knew that movies were into a make-believe bag, but the unreality espoused on the screen by the flat souls of such Pablum-fed actors as Reagan reflected to me—black ghetto nigger me—a sickening mixed bag of humorless laughter and perfect Colgate teeth, with never a hint of the real funk of life. Insipid, promising nothing and delivering even less, a Reagan movie was nothing to get excited about. There would be no surprises.

But what happened was that Ronnie landed a TV show. Equipped with opulent sponsors and some slick script writers, the mediocrity of his grade-B spirit was glossed over and concealed by the make-up of a rhetoric fashioned by a committee of crew-cut wordmongers. With all this going for him, it was natural for him to turn to politics when Hollywood's keenest make-up artists began to find it increasingly difficult to deal with the wrinkles that were slowly turning his face into a replica of well furrowed, depleted single-crop soil.

He was in the best of all states to get into his thing. California had demonstrated its ability to relate to the politics of the absurd by electing to office such blobs of political putty as Richard Nixon and Max Rafferty. And having picked the proper place, he could not have chosen a better style. Ronnie used a pat formula that said: pick the toughest problems confronting the people and launch blistering attacks upon all sincere efforts to come to grips with these problems; offer as an alternative a conglomeration of simple-minded cliches and catch phrases that go back to the Mayflower; sing The Star-Spangled Banner and smile broadly, effusively, as you wave the flag at the people; use a fighting "I'm fed up" form of delivery, and always remember that when nothing else works, there is always the tried and proven gambit of demagogic politicians, especially in California—viciously attack the perennial whipping boys of the American Dream: subversion concealed in the words of textbooks, the "decadence of universities and the misguided students being duped by a handful of professors who are under the subtle influence of the Communist Conspiracy."

Well, it worked. Mickey Mouse is governor and Donald Duck is a candidate for the U.S. Senate. That is what we have to worry about. And deal with.

It has been said that the people get the rulers they deserve. I do not believe, however, that America has the rulers it deserves. The State of California, emphatically, could not deserve the rulers it has. Yet we have them, and this is an election year. And what an election year: this is the nightmare election year of the American Dream.

Everything is out in the open this year. Nobody is trying very hard to conceal anything. As usual, the key issue in the election is what to do about the niggers—only this time, the question is being rewritten to read, what to do *with* the niggers. From the point of view of the niggers themselves, the question has also been rewritten and now reads, what are we going to do about this shit?

A surprising development—one which offers the possibility, perhaps the only possibility, of a monkey wrench being tossed into the smoke dreams of the racists—is that a sizable portion of white Americans are in revolt against the system. So the issue of Law and Order, or Crime in the Streets, becomes key.

IN CALIFORNIA, MICKEY MOUSE looked out from his perch in Disneyland for an opening to get himself back into the act, having been kicked off the stage in Miami by a pig who had been in the game a little longer. From where he lurked, Mickey Mouse fixed his blank stare on the campus of the University of California, Berkeley. He had received a tip that a situation tailored to his needs existed on that campus. Eldridge Cleaver, the apotheosis of the American nightmare: loudmouthed nigger, ex-convict, rapist, advocate of violence, Presidential candidate—retained by the Berkeley subversives to teach a class on the University campus, *i.e.* to corrupt the morals of lily-white American youth. So Ronnie Baby, doing his Republican duty, emerged from his pen to take up the cudgels of battle: "If Eldridge Cleaver is allowed to teach our children, they may come home some night and slit our throats. Therefore, the *people* of the State of California will not stand for this!"

Right on, Mickey Mouse. There are those of us who know what you are into, and we don't like it. Furthermore, we are going to deal with it, with you, to put an end to your absurd oinking in the faces of the people. So that all those bullshit changes that you went through with the Board of Regents, forcing them to emasculate the course in which I was to participate as a guest lecturer, don't mean shit. It displeased you, I understand, that even the Board of Regents did not buy you whole hog; that, in fact, they agreed to allow me to deliver one lecture.

Big deal. Who in the fuck do you think you are, telling me that I can't talk, telling the students and faculty members at UC Berkeley that they cannot have me deliver ten lectures? I'm going to do it whether you like it or not. In fact, my desire now is to deliver *20* lectures. You, Donald Duck Rafferty, Big Mama Unruh, and that admitted member of the racist John Birch Society who introduced that resolution into the Legislature to censure those responsible for inviting me to lecture in the first place—all and each of you can kiss my black nigger ass, because I recognize you for what you are, racist demagogues who have their eye on the ballot box come November. The students and the faculty members at Berkeley are trying to salvage the American people from the brink of chaos that you pigs have brought on. Your thirst and greed for power is so great that you don't care whether or not in your lust you destroy the vital processes of a barbaric society that is trying in its parts to become civilized.

I don't know what the outcome of all this will be, but I do know that I, for one, will never kiss your ass, will never submit to your demagogic machinations. I think you are a cowardly, craven-hearted wretch. You are not a man. You are a punk. Since you have insulted me by calling me a racist, I would like to have the opportunity to balance the books. All I ask is a sporting chance. Therefore, Mickey Mouse, I challenge you to a duel, to the death, and you can choose the weapons. And if you can't relate to that, right on. Walk, chicken, with your ass picked clean.

by Eldridge Cleaver

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[EDITOR'S NOTE]

THE BLACK PANTHERS HAVE SPRUNG FROM their Oakland, California, base to assume the dimensions of a major black radical movement, and now they are being "covered" extensively by the media. They are good copy, as was SNCC before them, and there is no lack of "news" about their current confrontations with established power. But for all this exposure, the Panthers are treated as nothing more than a bizarre happening in violence—not as a movement which poses a serious alternative to the power of white America.

This is the obtuse and contemptuous notoriety with which America likes to neutralize the experience of a threat. But the Panther movement does not lend itself easily to co-option. The American establishment can no more absorb the Panther than comprehend him, for the Panthers are reacting to a ghetto milieu whose existence white America continues to deny. So the television networks offer up their version of the Panther movement in order to convince us that it is simply an exercise in mindless freak theater—entertaining, provocative, insignificant—and that the Panthers' confrontation with society is a momentary spectacle, isolated from history.

Black power defined in this way—as transitory, though recurrent, moments of violence—is a concept that white America is able to study ad nauseam and perhaps even sympathize with. But black *revolution*—the statement of an alternative system of values, the move to acquire power to assert those values, and the express willingness to respond with revolutionary violence to the violence inherent in established power—is another matter. The Panthers have run this division down and they have acted on the basis of it, and that is why they are now the focal point of repression.

Society does not offer the Panthers anti-poverty programs; rather it has moved to obliterate the movement. The Panthers have not only upped the ante on SNCC's opening gambit, they lack the protective associations that SNCC had by virtue of its very name and its origins in that "good" civil rights movement of nonviolence and integration whose memory is now part of white America's mawkish nostalgia. There is no such comforting familiarity in the origins of the Black Panthers; they have come to us raw, permitting us no illusions.

However disquieting it may be to the media, the Panthers do have a history, and one must study it to understand what is authentic and powerful about this movement. The pages that follow form the initial sketches of a Black Panther Party history, centering necessarily on the development of the prime mover: Huey P. Newton, the Minister of Defense of the party who is currently appealing a conviction of "voluntary manslaughter," carrying a two to fifteen year sentence, on charges of killing an Oakland policeman last October.

The incidents in these sketches occurred over a period of several years during which time the essential dynamic of the Panther program and tactics developed as a response to the failure of less revolutionary strategy to affect significantly the conditions of the ghetto. The Panthers are real precisely because they emerged from the crucible of West Oakland experience rather than from a disconnected intellectual exercise or the operations of the mass media.

The selections here are from a book of Newton's life and writings which is being compiled by Eldridge Cleaver, Minister of Information of the Black Panther Party, in conjunction with Bobby Seale, the party's Chairman. The book will be published by RAMPARTS in the near future.

Eldridge Cleaver's association with RAMPARTS began with his "Notes on a Native Son" (RAMPARTS, June 1966) and "Letters From Prison" (RAMPARTS, August 1967; included in his best selling *Soul on Ice*, a RAMPARTS-McGraw Hill book). He is currently a senior editor of this magazine, as well as the Presidential candidate of the Black Panther Party and the Peace and Freedom Party.

—ROBERT SCHEER

[INTRODUCTION]

I REMEMBER ONCE DURING THE TRIAL of Huey P. Newton, a lawyer stopped me in the hall of the Alameda County Courthouse. He was very nervous, and he said, "They are crucifying Huey in there—they are turning him into another Jesus." And I remember almost instinctively replying, "Yes, Huey is our Jesus, but we want him down from the cross."

The tendency to look upon Huey as being above and beyond others, to view Huey as being different from everybody else, I think this is something that happens; I know that it happens to members of the Black Panthers, and it happens more and more to black people who have an understanding about Huey, and who know a little about his leadership of the party and some of the very courageous stands that he has taken. When you think of Huey, along with his followers, out on the streets of Oakland at night, in alleys, on dark streets, confronted by racist pig cops who are known to be very brutal, very vicious and murderous in their approach to black people, you cannot help but be amazed and fascinated by his seriousness, by his willingness and readiness to lay down his life in defense of the rights of his people, and his own rights, his human rights and his Constitutional rights.

I cannot help but say that Huey P. Newton is the baddest motherfucker ever to set foot inside of history. Huey has a very special meaning to black people, because for 400 years black people have been wanting to do exactly what Huey Newton did, that is, to stand up in front of the most deadly tentacle of the white racist power structure, and to defy that deadly tentacle, and to tell that tentacle that he will not accept the aggression and the brutality, and that if he is moved against, he will retaliate in kind. Huey Newton is a classical revolutionary figure. His imagination is constantly at work, conjuring up strategies and tactics that apply classical revolutionary principles to the situations confronting black people here in America.

Much has been written about Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party, but most of what has been written, it seems to me, obscures his essential character, as it fails really to show Huey in motion. The man who knows Huey perhaps better than anyone else is Bobby Seale, Chairman of the Black Panther Party, who, along with Huey, organized the party. Bobby has known Huey Newton for approximately eight years, dating back to their days at Merritt College in Oakland. He has had a chance to observe Huey under varying circumstances and in various situations, and he

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has an appreciation and an understanding of Huey that comes only from careful observation, that becomes a fixation on what makes this man, Huey Newton, tick.

Because Bobby united with Huey and, in a very real sense, placed his life in Huey's hands, he had very good reason for checking out Huey very closely, and he arrived at the conclusion that it was a proper and safe thing to do. I would say that, knowing Bobby and Huey, and knowing the relationship that exists between the two of them, Bobby had no choice, and felt compelled to place his life in Huey's hands. You could almost say that his admiration and respect for Huey is a sort of worship, and I don't mean this in any religious sense, but in the sense of Newton as a man who is motivated by a deep and burning preoccupation and concern with the plight of black people, who is seeking solutions to the problems of black people, and who recognizes that it is going to take a very fundamental action on a revolutionary level to cut into the oppression and to motivate people, black people, to take a revolutionary stance against the decadent racist system that is oppressing them.

Bob Scheer and I took Bobby Seale down to Carmel, California, and we secluded ourselves in a little cabin, and placed a tape recorder in front of Bobby, and put a microphone in his hands, and asked him to talk about Huey P. Newton. What emerged from that was a very fascinating narrative of Bobby's perception and an understanding of what Huey P. Newton is all about. We have selected key incidents from this narration and present them here as an insight into the man, Huey P. Newton, in motion. Having myself joined the Black Panther Party, and accepted Huey P. Newton as my leader, I find myself sharing with Bobby Seale the same attitude towards Huey—the same willingness to place my life in his hands, the same confidence that Huey will do the right thing at any given moment, that his instincts are sound, and that there is nothing to do but follow Huey and back him up.

—ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

[I MEET HUEY. HE COULD SHOOT YOU DOWN IN AN ARGUMENT OR KNOCK YOU DOWN WITH HIS HANDS.]

I MET HUEY P. NEWTON IN THE EARLY '60s, during the time of the blockade that JFK had enacted against Cuba, when there were numerous street rallies going on around Merritt Junior College in West Oakland. One particular day there was a lot of discussion about black people and the blockade against Cuba. People were all out in front of the college, in the streets, grouped up in bunches—200, 250, what have you—and there were these kind of gatherings and informal rallies at different times.

On this particular day that I met Huey, I don't remember exactly what day it was, but Huey was holding down a crowd of about 250 people who were standing around listening to him, and I was one of the participants. After he had held the conversation down to what in those days they called "shooting everybody down"—that means rapping off information and throwing facts—somebody would ask Huey a question or refer to something he said. They would try to shoot Huey down by citing some passage in a book concerning the subject matter being discussed, and before they knew it, Huey would have whipped out a copy of *Black Bourgeoisie* by E. Franklin Frazier and shown him what page, what paragraph and corrected the person.

I guess I had the idea that I was supposed to ask questions in college, so I walked over to Huey and asked the brother, wasn't all these civil rights laws the NAACP was trying to get for us, weren't they doing us some good? And he shot me down too, just like he shot a whole lot of other people down. Like he said, it's all a waste of money, black people don't have anything in this country that is for them. He went on to say that the laws weren't even serving them in the first place, that they were already on the books and what's the use of making more laws when what was needed was to enforce the present laws? So all the money that the people were giving to Martin Luther King and the rest of them who were supposed to put these laws on the books for black people, that was a waste of the people's money, of the black people's money.

And I was ready to accept that when he started citing many more facts to back up his point of view—I guess you respected Huey because you observed the cat blowing for a while and he could bring out so much information and clarify a philosophical point of view; you might not be able to articulate exactly what he said but you could see him citing so many facts, giving liturgy to a philosophical point of view.

These are the basic ways and things that Huey would always bring out whenever he was clearing up a point. He always brings out basic, practical things, and that's the way he talks to you, that's the way he explains things to you. And he gets to a point where you can't get around. So you kind of have to face things.

But anyway, that's the kind of atmosphere I met Huey in. And all the conflicts of this meeting, all this blowing that was going on in the streets that day during the Cuban crisis thing, all of that was involved with his association with the Afro-American Association—a lot of arguments came down. A lot of people were discussing with these three or four cats in the Afro-American Association, which was developing the first black nationalist philosophy on the West Coast, they got me caught up. They made me feel that I had to help out, be a part and do something, you know, to help out some way. I think it was one or two days later I went around looking for Huey at the school, and then I went to the library. I found Huey in the library, and I asked him where the meetings were, and he gave me an address and told me that there were book discussions. And then he told me the name of the book they were discussing at the time, which was *Black Bourgeoisie*.

HUEY WAS A LARGE INFLUENCE on the whole campus. He influenced everybody and, well, like I got to know where Huey was on campus, and I remember a sister come up to me, wanting to know where Huey was. I wasn't a running partner of Huey's then, but I was catching him on the streets and knew he was down at Jo Ethel's Cafe, or another cafe, and I would direct the sister. And we would all wig out behind brother Huey, and I guess every-

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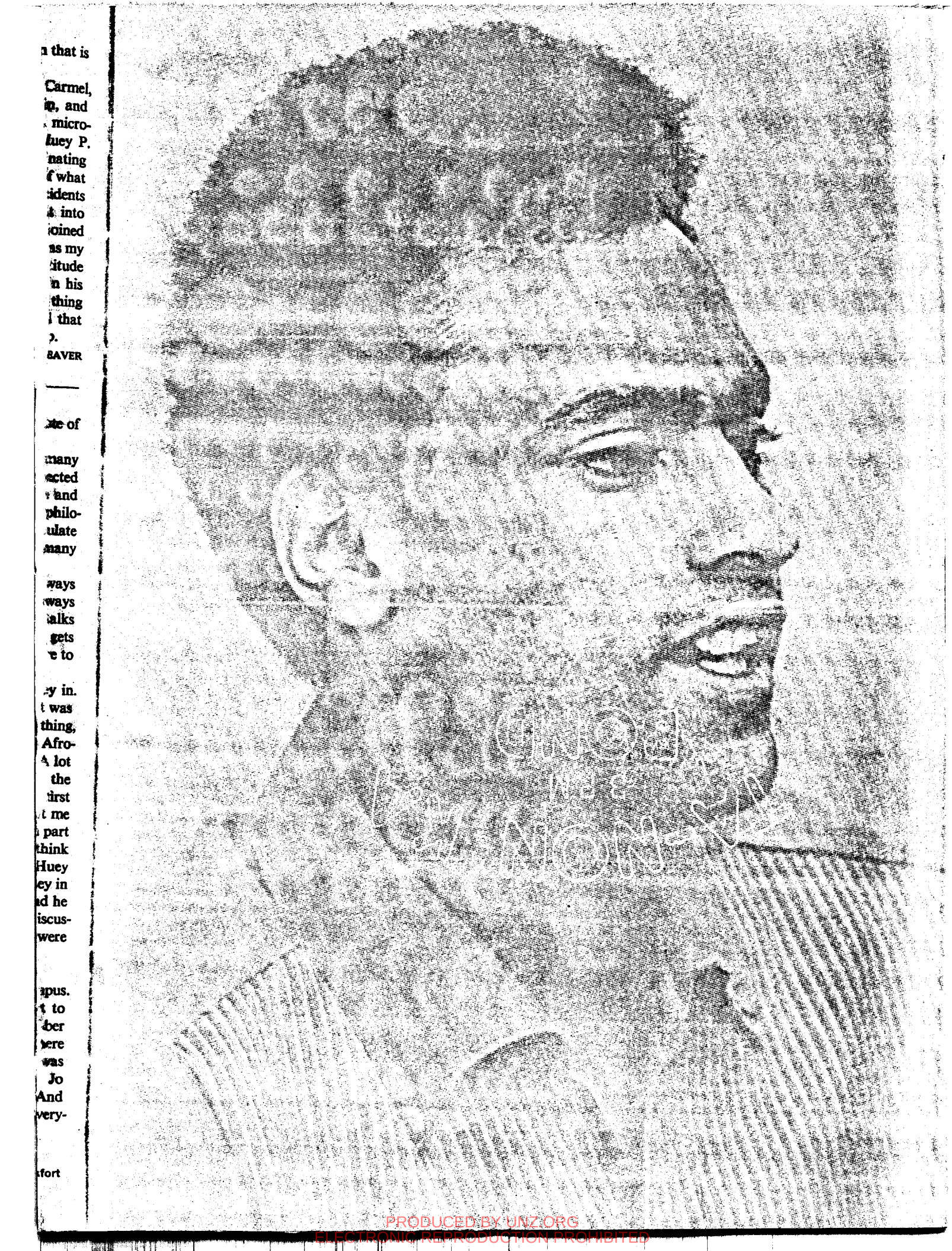

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body respected Huey's mind and also Huey's guts because he had something about him, that he didn't drive over people, but he would never let anyone drive over him. Especially in a violent and rowdy fashion because—I didn't know it at the time but I learned later—Huey had a kind of hidden reputation on the block with the brothers.

There were cats all over East and West Oakland who had reputations for being bad, and they were known throughout the community for being bad. But Huey didn't have this kind of reputation. The bad cats terrorized the community—and Huey terrorized the bad cats. And there are many stories you would hear about Huey. Like one night at a party, Huey accidentally stepped on some brother's shoes, and Huey stepped back and he said, "Excuse me, brother." The brother, he's bad, one of those bad dudes, and he said, "Motherfucker 'scuse me, don't reshine my shoes." Huey knew his brothers very well. When the dude kind of slid back to the side and dropped his arm slightly to the right, hanging behind his right thigh, Huey saw this, he knew this was the time to fire. Next thing you knew, Huey fired on him and decked him, and all the other bad dudes at the party who was this decked dude's friends or partners wanted to know who this cat thinks he is. And so they jumped up and said that Huey needs his ass kicked or something, and Huey told them, "I'll fight all of you one at a time or all of you at the same time and you won't wait outside for me, I'll be waiting outside for you." And then he walked outside and waited and dared them to come outside.

And this is something I think Huey understood too, that he would shock them because they was as bad as the noted dudes in the area. And he shocked them because he had nerve enough to fight all of them, and they would come outside and think they could get around him, or start sneaking around him to try and deck him, and the next thing you knew, Huey would come out with a 14 or 15 inch machete knife and he'd be righteously trying to whip heads and cut up some ass and he would have niggers running everywhere.

This happened a number of times in different types of circumstances, and this kind of reputation really blew itself up. Because everyone knew Huey this way. I learned it later on. He was at school one day, and somebody said something about some chick he was going with, some white boy, and Huey walked up to him and said, "I don't want to hear anything more about my relations with this girl." The white boy opened his mouth again, and Huey said, "I said that I don't want you to say any more or make any statements about my relations with this particular girl." And the white boy opened his mouth again, and Huey decked him. Laid him out on the basketball court on the campus there.

And that's when I liked the brother. He was a kind of a brother to you, to articulate things, explain things, and he could detect whether you were honest or dishonest, to some extent, or whether you were bullshitting or jiving. He's got some kind of intuition that he can detect this stuff about certain kinds of people. I could see Huey and say, man, loan me a dollar, and he'd let me hold a dollar, and he could see me and say, man, let me hold a couple of dollars, and it was that kind of thing. I would run into him in a cafe or something, and he might be sitting down blowing about something, anything from law to philosophy to black nationalist philosophy, how we were interrelated to this system, the decadence of it, and he would be blowing facts. He wouldn't just be clearing up the walls. And if you knew Huey and liked Huey, you would be pro-Huey when it came to an argument, because you would know Huey was going to come up with some righteous fact or some righteous philosophical point of view to make you see what was going on.

This is the way I saw him, and this is the way I always thought of the cat. He's the kind of a cat that you always respect. He's a kindhearted person, but at the same time you can't use his kindness. But he'll give it away. So you look at him and say, what kind of cat is this? This brother here is something else.

[HUEY BREAKS WITH THE CULTURAL NATIONALISTS. THEY WOULDN'T DEFEND THE PRINCIPLE.]

AMONGST ALL THESE BROTHERS, Huey was always respected for his insight. I notice this since I've had a chance to meet a lot of these brothers he was partners with and stuff, and they'd always respect his ability, for his perspective, to be able to explain things, how the system works against them. He could always give a valid reason why they were so right, why they were so right in whatever they did to try to survive. And I guess, going back to Merritt College where Huey was around a lot. Huey went to college You know, he never took over six, seven, eight or nine units a semester when he did go, and he'd always make it a point to make "A's" or very good grades, but he didn't get the grades just because he was lookin' for a grade in college.

Huey had a thing about going to school. It was more of an entertainment to his mind, instead of just going there for a degree. But the "A's" would be a thing that I think was something like he explained. He explained how a counselor told him in high school, when he got out of high school with "D's"—they more or less just rushed him through high school—that he wasn't supposed to be college material. His counselor told him, and he rejected the whole concept of, the whole idea of these cats in these schools, these counselors and stuff, telling him that he wouldn't be no college material. So, to me, I saw it as him entertaining his mind, as he says, and trying to grasp something. And at the same time rejecting what some white counselor, more than likely a racist, telling him that he couldn't do nothing in college. He always took six or seven units and he always would go and get outside reading material, like the regular materials that one might use in a specific class, involving a specific subject matter, footnotes and things like these. He would go forth to prove, give validity by researching the references that any particular author might have made, and some particular materials they might be using in the school. So in the classroom he was very up-to-date on things that were true and things that were false in any subject matter of any specific facts, and he could see whether the facts were valid.

Intertwined with all these facts, of course, was the direct relation he had to black people, living in the confines of the decadent system. Black people surviving, black people knowing themselves, and black history. Huey took an experimental sociology course. I guess he'd been at Merritt College a few years now. Some semesters I thought Huey would withdraw. He'd get involved in some organization or another. A

Eldridge Cleaver by Eve Crane

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lot of the times, I wasn't even with the brother. Anyway, this experimental sociology course: he was running down to me about how the course was for those who enrolled in it to deal with some specific problem in society, and he swung the whole class to the need for black history in the schools. And the first black history course that was developed, at Merritt College, Huey P. Newton was one of the key people, along with many of the other people in the experimental sociology course, in having black history instituted as part of the curriculum. I remember him telling me about it, and I was kinda enthused about it, because I had been doing quite a bit of black history study myself.

So come next semester there was a *Negro* history course. I went and enrolled in the course and got Huey one day and asked him to come to the class, 'cause I found that the class was all jammed up. The cat that was teaching it didn't know what he was doing. He really wasn't teaching no black history; he was teaching American history and reiterating on slavery and the period of slavery, and the old traditional way they relate to black people in slavery. Huey come in the class one day, taught by Rodney Carlisle, a white instructor. And Huey, as he always do, shot Carlisle down with his reference to Basil Davis and information concerning Africa, and Black Mother, and African slave trade. Set him down on the point of the piracy that initiated the slave trade. That was one of the things that Huey contributed besides inspiring a lot of brothers and sisters to do a lot of in-depth study and realizing the need to have knowledge of themselves as black people.

About three years before this took place, I got into the Afro-American Association, and about two months later, Huey got out. I was wondering, why did Huey get out of the Afro-American Association? And his partners, John Thomas and Richard Thorn, cats he knew around that time, running with a lot, were college students. These dudes wasn't dudes off the block. They also got out of the Afro-American Association. And Huey begin to explain how Donald Warden was using the Afro-American Association as a means to misuse black people. That Donald Warden was very up-to-date on a lot of historical facts, and he would use these facts to make black people see his program as being right. But Huey had finally seen through Donald Warden's program and had seen through Donald Warden.

Speaking of how he seen through Donald Warden, I think there was one day in San Francisco, Fillmore Street, some white gang was a couple of stories up and they begin to hang out the window, hollering cuss words and bull crap. Some of them come downstairs. They got to acting like they were gonna jump on somebody. Huey and another brother were there throwing hands and knocking cats on their ass while Donald Warden wouldn't help defend the principle. That's one thing about Huey, he stands on principles. Black nationalist philosophy at this time was interrelated with his principles—somebody was gonna try to jump on the brothers on the street corner where the Afro-American Association was holding a rally. Huey just went on and got out there and started throwing hands. And that's when he begin to find Donald Warden out, I think. From there, he begin to explain how Donald Warden was exploiting the old church thing, preacher-type attitude and concept, to bring the people around, and start talking about "buy black business." This was the real split in terms of the black nationalist philosophy at this time, because Huey saw it at that time, even, as a necessary thing for more cooperative, socialistic type things that black people had to use, to oppose the system. He would explain many times that if a black businessman is charging you the same prices or higher, even higher prices than exploiting white businessmen, then he himself ain't nothing but an exploiter. So why should black people go for this kind of system? And he's always dealt with it in this fashion.

Coming on up the ladder, some long periods of time I didn't see Huey. Then one day I saw Huey and he was talking about this case he just beat. He defended himself in court and he had beaten a petty theft case and he was running it down how he got Olsen. Olsen was the dean of the school, Merritt College. Dean Olsen had got up on the stand and testified to the fact that he had called the police in to have Huey P. Newton arrested, and had the police bring Huey to his office because some paddy boy over in the store had accused Huey of stealing a book. Huey was explaining to me how he was in the office, and how Olsen had asked him if those were his books. Huey said, "Yes, this is my property." Right in front of the face of this cop. And Olsen said, "Well, I'll just keep these books." And Huey said, "No, you won't keep those books. That's my property and I'll keep them myself. You called me in the office for something. I don't know what you want me for, but I'll keep my property." And Huey snatched the books back out of his hand and say, "If you want to arrest me, you'll have to arrest me, but I'm not going to stand here talking." And he walked right on out of the office.

So the same thing came up on the stand, and Huey asked Olsen on the stand, when Huey was defending himself in court, "Dean Olsen, why didn't you have me placed under arrest if you thought I had stolen the books?" And Huey was rapping, you know, if you ever catch him in court during a law procedure, he rap just like he's a righteous lawyer. And Dean Olsen says, "Well, at that time, I just didn't know my rights as to whether or not I had the right to arrest you." Huey P. Newton looked at the jury and looked back at Dean Olsen and looked back at the jury and says, "Mr. Olsen, you're a dean at a college; have a PhD in education. Here I am a student in the college, learning my rights, and you've got a PhD, and you tell me you didn't know your *rights?*" And Huey went on to explain the impact he made on the jury with that point, and how they cut him loose. He became very, very famous, very well known, very notorious against anybody who'd done him wrong around the college, the campus there. Well liked cat, well liked brother. Very friendly with people. And Huey had very human qualities about himself.

There's another thing about Huey. I remember one time, there were some black nationalists, cultural nationalists, on the campus who used to project all this cultural nationalism. They was so engrossed in this cultural nationalism, they just *hated* white people simply for the color of their skin. This is where me and Huey get this thing about cultural nationalists. Huey had opened the door for a sister to go through. You know how a man open the door for a woman? So there happened to be a white girl, coming right behind the sister, and so the white girl walked in. So one of the cultural nationalists run up to him and say, "How come you opened the door for that white girl?" And Huey turned around and looked at him. He say, "Look man, I'm a human being and I'm not a fool. I opened the door for the sister. There happened to be a

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white girl behind her. The white girl's not attacking me. She's not brutalizing me. So there's nothing wrong with me keeping the door open for her to pass through, too." And the cultural nationalists just went out of their minds, exaggerating the shit and all this bull crap. You know, that's just a point to show about Huey's humanism towards all other human beings; this is the way he was.

[HUEY AND THE SOUL STUDENTS ADVISORY COUNCIL, FORERUNNER TO THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY.]

I REALLY HADN'T SEEN HUEY for a while. I hadn't been around Huey for over a year now. And one night I was just sitting on the street in front of James Oliver's house, about half a block up the street from Merritt College, and Huey came by. I didn't know who it was at first. I was sitting there in the car, drinking a beer or something, and Huey flashed a little flashlight through the window. Think he recognized my car. I had seen him walking down the street a couple times, but I think he knew I had that car, I'd had that car way over a year or so. I said, "What's happening, man?" I said to myself, now *this* is who I ought to be running with, 'cause you know, this same cultural nationalist group I'd been running with, I had wanted Huey to be a part of the organization at one time, and these dudes didn't want Huey to be a part of the organization. At first I couldn't figure out why, but I remember after I had asked Huey to come up to the pad, and after he left, silly-ass Kenneth Freeman sit up and said some bull crap about "Huey P. Newton come from a bourgie family."

'Course, Kenny Freeman was the one who came from the bourgie family. He talkin' about, "The dude's high, man." I said, "Well, what's the difference, he gets a little loaded off of something, and I drink whiskey," and well, as I think about it, I don't think Kenny Freeman liked us field niggers too much. I don't think he dug us at all. Because he knew Huey was the type of dude who didn't take no shit, and I figure he had a little egotistical bourgie-ass fear about Huey kicking motherfuckers' asses and the way Huey articulates things. Sometimes he'd say Huey's got a very good mind. But I come around, I wanted very bad to get Huey into the group. Huey came up one night. He was kind of high, and they said he come from a middle-class family, "He was bourgeois." I never could understand that, 'cause Huey was raised up righteously on the block. And, one of the things about them dudes, breaking away from them, and Huey come walking up that night with that flashlight and I says this is who I need to be running with, old brother Huey. This brother can righteously run it down, and don't take no shit from nobody. This brother will stand with you, and this is the way I felt about the brother, knowing him for those years that I'd been knowing him, I guess about four or five years by then.

I started talking to the brother about the struggle a lot, and I think he must have recognized that I was well frustrated with those cultural nationalists I'd been running with the previous three years to that so-called underground RAM. So I asked him one day, and Huey'd read a whole lot of material, and discussed it, and he was still at Merritt College too at the time, and I guess a month or so after that I said, "Hey, Huey, you read Fanon, man?" 'Cause I'd read the book six times and I didn't know how to implement all of the ideas I was reading in Fanon. I knew he was right, that Fanon was running it down, but how do you put them things over, you know? And Huey, I went over to his house one day and I asked him had he read Fanon, and he was laying up in bed, thinking, plotting on the man, I knew what he was doing. He used to tell me how he was plotting to make himself some money on the man. 'Cause he was always involved with that day-to-day survival like the average brother on the block.

So I asked him had he read Fanon. He said no, he hadn't read Fanon. So I brought Fanon over one day. And that brother got to reading Fanon. And man, let me tell you, when Huey got ahold of Fanon, and read Fanon (I had been always running down about how we need this organization, that organization, but never nothing concrete), Huey'd be thinking. Hard. So we sit down with Fanon's *Wretched of the Earth* and talk, go over another section or chapter of Fanon, and Huey would explain it in depth. First time I ever had anybody who could show a clear-cut perception of what was said in one sentence, a paragraph or chapter, and don't have to read it again. He knows it already. He'd get on the streets. We'd be walking down the street and get in some discussion with somebody, and through the process of this discussion and argument, Huey would be citing facts, citing that material, and giving perception to it. You know, at that time he was giving the same basic concepts as he's giving now, but now he's in a wider and broader area, because he's had a lot of experience in leadership in the Black Panther Party. His development now is at the head of the revolutionary struggle. But he had this vast ability to do things along with a proper perspective, and he could run it down and get things going.

Huey was one for implementing things. And I guess this is where the Black Panther Party really kind of started. Because once Huey got hung on that, he started explaining how we had to get something going. So before the Black Panther Party came the Soul Students Advisory Council. Some of them other cultural nationalists in the college and a couple that I'd broke up with and got tired of messing with 'cause they was jiving to me, and are still jiving, some of them come around. They were talking about starting some organization, a school campus organization. Well, me and Huey got interested in the thing, and a couple of other cats, Virtual Morrell, and Alex Papillion, we start talking about organizing what we named a little while later, Soul Students Advisory Council. We kind of structured the thing in such a way where we was really practicing ultra democracy amongst ourselves, but at the same time, Huey wanted to make the thing very meaningful, so the so-called central group of the Soul Students Advisory Council consisted of Virtual Morrell, Alex Papillion, Bobby Seale, Huey P. Newton, Isaac Moore, and a couple of jive cultural nationalists around there.

Me and Huey decided we was going to try and make the thing work. A college campus group, to develop it, and to help develop leadership, to go to the black community and serve the black community in a revolutionary fashion. I was with Huey all the way. So Soul Students was moving along, and meanwhile, me and Huey and Alex Papillion and Virtual Morrell put out a lot of hard, hard, hard work in getting a few

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things off the ground. The draft of black men was a big thing on the college campuses, of course, becoming a high controversy, just the draft itself. But we just began talking about the draft of black men. We organized one of the biggest rallies that was ever held at Merritt College,where five or six hundred black people attended, and run it down. From there, Huey, Virtual, Alex and myself were known around there as the leaders of the Soul Students Advisory Council.

HUEY AND I AND WEASEL, one of the brothers on the campus, were all sitting in the car one night. We decided we wanted to buy some records by T-Bone Walker, Lightnin' Hopkins, some records by Howlin' Wolf, these down home brothers. I suggested that we go up to the Cal campus because up around Cal campus they have more of them LP's of T-Bone Walker, Howlin' Wolf and all them brothers, than they have down in the regular black record shop.

We started walking down the street on Telegraph towards the Forum; that's a restaurant up there. We were about a block from the Forum, brothers asked me to recite one of them poems I always liked. One of them was named, "Burn, Baby, Burn." The other was ' Uncle Sammy Call Me Fulla Lucifer." Anyway, we were walking down the street, me and him and Weasel. I was reciting "Burn, Baby, Burn," all the way down till we got to the next block, and then Huey and Weasel say recite that other poem, "Uncle Sammy Call Me Fulla Lucifer."

So I got to reciting that poem, and I said two or three words and got across the street and as we got in front of the Forum, across the street, one of the brothers, Weasel, got over and picked a chair up. It's kind of a sidewalk restaurant. He said, "Here, Bobby, stand on this." So we set the chair up by the curb there and I got on the chair and holler, "Uncle Sammy Call Me Fulla Lucifer." When I said that, I went on to recite the rest of the poem. Then someone said, "Do it again. Run it down again, man." So I got to the part of the poem where it said, "You school my naive heart to sing red-white-and-blue-stars-and-stripes songs." Some uniformed pig cop walked up. He stood around ten or twelve feet away. I said, "You school my naive heart to sing red-white-and-blue-stars-and-stripes songs and to pledge eternal allegiance to all things blue, true, blue-eyed blond, blond-haired, white chalk white skin with U.S.A. tattooed all over."

Man, when I said that, this cop walks up and says, "You're under arrest." I got down off the chair, said, "What are you talking about, 'You're under arrest?' Under arrest for what? What reason do you have for saying I'm under arrest?" And he says, "You're blocking the sidewalk." And I say, "What do you mean I'm blocking the sidewalk? I'm standing over here." I noticed Huey, standing to my left. Next thing I know, some people started grabbing on me. "You under arrest, you under arrest." I started snatching away from them, man. Next thing I know, Huey was battling up there, and three paddies had me down, tied down onto the ground. One of them paddies that had ahold of me, Huey knocked him in the head a couple of times, and a couple of other brothers stomped on the paddies. I got loose. A big fight was going on. But boy, they say Huey whipped up some motherfuckers up there. They say Huey was throwing hands.

That's why I say Huey or his partners, he always go down with them. It's just one of them things. He just relate to any brothers he's with. He don't let anybody mess over his partners, and who he's running with. That's the way he is, that's the way he is with his people, against this racist decadent system. That's the way he gets with any human being who tries to hurt him or his friends. And his people and his family. That was a big thing.

[HUEY LETS CHAIRMAN MAO AND BERKELEY RADICALS BUY SHOTGUNS FOR THE PANTHERS.]

ONE DAY WE WERE SITTING out in a car in front of a doctor's office, where Huey had gone. We had just finished reading in the papers about the Red Book. The Red Book was all over TV—the Red Book of China.

The Red Book became such a key thing with the Cultural Revolution that was going on in China, and Huey says, "You know what? I know how we can make some money to buy some guns." I said, "How?" "We can sell these Red Books. I know that many black brothers on the block wouldn't even buy a Red Book, but at the same time I do know that many of those leftist radicals at Cal will buy the Red Book." Huey went on to talk about the 26,000 person community at Cal, and how maybe a third or maybe a quarter of them were radicals or liberals who'd be interested in the Red Book since it was being publicized so heavily.

The next thing you know, Huey asked me, "How much money do you have?" And I said, "Well, I have about 45 dollars or 50 dollars on me." He said, "Well, let's go buy a batch of Red Books and go up to Cal and sell them. I bet we can get a dollar apiece for them." I said, "Right on, brother."

You know what we did? We went over to the China Book Store in San Francisco and we bought up two batches of the Red Books, 30 in a package, and got back over there and we sold them motherfuckers at Cal campus some Red Books. We sold them Red Books inside of an hour. That shocked us. At a dollar apiece. So we took all that money and we went back to the bookstore and bought all the Red Books the man had left in the store. I think we had three or four more packages. We bought out all the Red Books. Paying 30 cents for them. We told them, "We are the Black Panther Party," and could an organization get a discount, and the next thing I know, we had enough money to buy two shotguns.

We got up to Cal the next day at ten a.m., right around the time the student traffic gets heavy in front of Sather Gate. Huey would be saying with his sales pitch, "Power comes out of the barrel of a gun. Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Get your Red Book." We really didn't need a sales pitch because the books, like I said, were going like hot cakes.

I was hollering, "Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Get your Red Book." I would say, "All you free speechers up here who lost Mario Savio, read the Red Book and do it like the Red Guards did it." We made our party over $170.

And if you ever had a "Freedom Now" feeling, you would have sure got it if you saw how we took off to buy some shotguns.

Huey said, "Let's go buy some shotguns." So we went to

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B.B.B. department store where Virtual Morrell was working at the time, and we bought a shotgun. Huey bought a High Standard. That's the brand name of the shotgun. It holds six shots in a magazine after you take the plug out. And it holds one shot in the chamber. Huey says, "Let's get some double-O buckshot." I said, "What's double-O buckshot?" And he said, "That's the same thing that the pigs use. Double-O buckshot." I said, "Right on." I was right behind him. This brother was out of sight. He knew what to do, when to do and how to do.

We walked up to the counter and were paying for the shotgun. And the broad at the counter says, and you could tell she was lying, "You know, these FBI men around have been coming in to request information and names on EVERYONE who buys a gun in our store." Huey says, "We don't care, that doesn't make any difference. Here is my money. I'm Huey P. Newton of the Black Panther Party. Here's my money. I want my shotgun." And the broad looked at him, amazed. I don't know who she thought she was tricking because she wasn't tricking Huey P. Newton—he couldn't give two good goddams about who she thought she was intimidating with some damn supposed FBI investigation.

It's very important about Huey's attitude and his personality and the way he's going and the way he knows he's going. That's very important. 'Cause Huey says, "Here's my money. My name is Huey P. Newton of the Black Panther Party," and we pick up that shotgun.

So we sold them Red Books and made the money. We used that money to buy guns. Me and Huey and the brothers in the core organization used the Red Books and spread it throughout the organization. Because Huey made it a point that the principles and the revolutionary principles concisely cited in the Red Book should be applied whenever they can be applied. That is, whenever they can be applied within the confines of this system. So, from there we righteously used the Red Book. Because we talked about it, and Huey had us practicing the principles. And from Fanon, and from Malcolm X—his autobiography and other material on him. Huey integrated all these principles of the brother revolutionaries. We taught from all these materials, and every time we ran into something with Che Guevara too.

WE INITIALLY USED IT (the Red Book) as a commodity—to sell. See, Huey knew that the radicals on the campus would pay a dollar for that Red Book if we had it. And we was the only ones who had it. We was the only organizational ones who had it.

I remember a lot of people would ask very inquisitively, "Where did you get those books?" I would holler, "I know you're wondering what in the world are those Negroes doing with those Red Books." And I would sell three or four. So we used it to make money at first. To buy guns. Later, we knew that the guns would be more valuable and more meaningful to the brothers on the block, by drawing them into the organization, then in turn teaching them from the Red Book. Huey was a bitch. Huey was a motherfucker. He was two motherfuckers. In fact, he was ten motherfuckers. I mean he knew how to do it. I mean that's the way I see it. Huey was ten motherfuckers. 'Cause he would say, "Bobby, you and I know the principles in this Red Book are valid, but the brothers and the black folks don't and they will not pay a dollar or thirty cents for that book. So what we have to do is to get to the white radicals who are intellectually interested in the book, sell the book, make the money, buy the guns and go on the streets with the gun. To protect a mother, protect a brother, and protect the community. And in turn we get brothers in the organization and they will in turn relate to the Red Book."

That's the way the shit went. At the same time, Huey would go off into Fanon. He would get off into Malcolm X. Huey would relate these principles. He was a motherfucker. You couldn't get around Huey. He knew the Red Book sideways, backward and forward. You got brothers in the Party that got to know the Red Book cattycorner. The brothers know that book sideways, backwards, forwards, upside down. Turn that book any way you want to—they tell you in a minute. "The Red Book and what else? The gun! The Red Book and what else? The gun!" That's what Huey would say.

[HUEY BACKS THE PIGS DOWN WITH AN M-1 RIFLE AND A LAW BOOK.]

HUEY WAS DEALING ON A LEVEL where he was ready to organize the black brothers for a righteous revolutionary struggle with guns and force. So it came to a point where we walked in and out of the Black Panther office every day around to my house or around to Bobby Hutton's house, or somebody's house, with guns on our sides, and got in a car, or two or three cars, or four or five cars as it built up, and patrolled the pigs on Friday and Saturday nights. Or sometimes when we were going to a meeting during the week we would patrol the pigs.

And one day, as we were walking out of the office, I guess we'd been there about a month or so, a pig passed by. He saw us coming out with shotguns and pistols on our sides. About six or seven of us came out of the office there, in the daytime, and we looked at the pig as he passed by, and he jumped on his radio and we readily assessed that he must have been jumping on his radio because he saw us coming out of the office with those pieces and stuff, 'cause we had just gotten through field-stripping weapons, learning about double-O buckshot, learning about the 9mm and the .45.

We had a .45 and a .357 magnum in the group, and a couple of M-1s. We had three or four shotguns by then. We bought up guns like a son of a bitch then. The pig went down two blocks and turned around, came back up the other side of the street. They were building rapid transit, BART, right down Grove Street there, and he came up the other side of the boulevard and came back, and we readily assessed that the pigs were ready to see what the fuck was happening, this pig had radioed in and he was running it down how he had seen some niggers come out of a place here with some guns and blah blop de bloo, etc., etc., come out of this office with guns and stuff. He was radioing to other pigs to help get 'em.

Huey had his father's car that day. I think he had just finished paying some bills and he stopped by the office for about a half an hour. By the time we got in the car, the pig was back around down the street and he drove up behind us and Huey told everybody to remember what he'd said—that nobody in the car say anything. Only the driver do the talking, and Huey happened to be the driver. He said, "I'm the driver.

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Nobody else say anything, and remember the legal first aid." This was the legal aid information that we had printed for the brothers in the party, and we were teaching them 13 points of basic, legal first aid.

Huey used to teach the brothers on that; he wouldn't let them get around it, 'cause Huey understood brothers this way, that they had no guidelines about how to deal with the pigs. So Huey went off in the area of law and he found out the others respected law. If you *know* something about law, like Huey did—he could use it to make it serve him. That's all he was doing, but he was bringing them basic things in everyday life about law. That's what Huey dug; he understood that shit. Huey would take those 13 basic points and try to show a dude where he was fucked up at *in the ghetto*. That's very important, man.

So he said, "Nobody say anything, because the minute somebody says something the man is going to try to arrest you. And he's going to arrest you for some jive about interfering with an officer carrying out his duty, but he's going to try to prove to all the people who are subject to gather around us here that we have no right with a gun. And he's going to arrest you on a traffic ticket and the people out in the community will think he arrested you because you've got the gun, and we want to prove to the people that we've got a right to carry guns and they've got a right to arm themselves, and we will exhaust our Constitutional right to carry these guns." That's what Huey was trying to exhaust. Boom. Which he did exhaust, ultimately.

HUEY GOT IN THE CAR and the pig came up to the window. "You have any driver's license?" So Huey rolled the window down. There wasn't more than about a three or four inch crack in the window. Huey handed his license out the window. "Is this your true name?" the pig said. And Huey said, "Yes, that's my true name, Huey P. Newton." "Is this your true address, 841-47th Street?" And Huey said, "That's my true address, 841-47th Street." "What're you doing with the guns?" And Huey said, "What are you doing with *your* gun?" This particular pig decided he wasn't going to argue, so he went back and got his little writing pad where they fill out shit.

"Your true name is Huey P. Newton?" Huey said, "That's right." The pig wrote this down.

"Your true address is 841-47th Street?"

Huey said, "That's right." The pig then looked at his license. "What's your phone number?" And Huey said, "Five!" and stopped and wouldn't say anything else. And the pig said, "Five what?"

This is what began all the shit between the party and the pigs. This is when the shit got started. Huey said, "The Fifth Amendment, Pig! You ever heard of it? Don't you know about the Constitutional right of a person not having to testify against himself? Five! I don't have to give you anything but my identification, name and address, so therefore I don't even want to talk to you. You can leave my car and leave me alone. I don't even want to *hear* you."

"What do you mean?" the pig said. And Huey said, "Just what I said. The Constitutional right of any man is that he doesn't have to testify against himself." And Huey got a big M-1 sitting to his right with his hand on it. I got this 9mm sitting beside me, and Huey got this M-1 at his side. Huey was driving. Four other brothers were in the back seat, and one of 'em was Bobby Hutton. They were being quiet 'cause Huey told them to be quiet. 'Cause they ain't supposed to interrupt. You dig where it's at? And the pig is going crazy. He's by himself and Huey got all these black niggers in the car going for a motherfucker.

Meanwhile, while the pig is trying to get bad, three cars drive up in the back of us, and one in the front. Some are in the driveway. Blop, blop, blop de bloo. Then another car comes up in front of us. A pig jumps out of this car, walks up to our car and says through the crack in the window, "What's going on here?" And Huey says, "The same basic procedures that are supposed to go on!" Huey rolls down the window another five or six inches. The pigs are looking at the guns in the car.

"Can I see that pistol there?" a pig says. "No, you can't see it!" Huey tells him. I'm beginning to get skeptical about what's happening because he pointed to my 9mm pistol. Huey's on probation, and if they would think that this is Huey's pistol. . . . I don't know this law stuff too much like Huey knows it, so I moved the pistol over beside me real close. It had been laying in the middle of the seat. I say, "No, you can't see it!" Huey says, "No, you can't see the pistol, nor this [pointing to his rifle], and I don't want you to look at it. You don't have to look at it."

"Is that your pistol?" he asks Huey. And I said, "No, it's not his pistol, it's my pistol!" I'm saying this here because I'm thinking the man gonna jump on Huey because I know he already told me about the law—if he gets caught with a pistol, he's burned. But if he gets caught with a rifle, the man can't mess with him 'cause his probation officer told him he can carry a rifle or a shotgun, and he couldn't stop him. The pig said, "Can I see it or not?" So Huey said to me, "*I'll* talk." And then to the pig, "No, you can't see the pistol. Get away from the car. We don't want you around the car and that's all there is to it."

"Well, I can ask *him* if I want to see his pistol or not," the pig says. So I said, "Well, you can't see the pistol!" The motherfuckers try to get indignant. They were blabbing and oinking to each other about who in the hell we thought we were and, "Constitution my ass. They're just turning it around." Then a pig said to Huey, "Who in the hell you think you are?"

"Look, dammit," and Huey just opened the car door, and this is where Huey gets mad. I mean you got to imagine this nigger. He got mad because these dogs were going to carry on and they were bracing up like they were bad. This Huey doesn't go for at all. Huey got very *mad*. He opened up the door saying, "Who in the hell do you think *you* are? In the first place, this man [pointing at the pig], came up here and asked me for my license like he was citing me for a ticket or observation of some kind. This police officer is supposed to be carrying out his duty, and here you come talking about our guns." Huey put his hand around his M-1 rifle and continued, "We have a Constitutional right to carry the guns anyway, and I don't want to *hear* it."

The pigs backed up a couple of steps, and Huey was coming out of the car. Huey had his hand back in the car, getting his M-1, and you know, you ever seen Huey, he gets growly like, but articulate? You know what I mean? He comes out of the car with his M-1. See, Huey knows his law so well he won't have a M-1 loaded inside the car. When he comes out of the car, he drops a round off into the chamber right away.

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"Who do you think you all are anyway?" Huey says to the pigs. And the other pigs are on the sidewalk harassing all the brothers and sisters who have gathered around: "You people move on down the street!" Huey started interrupting. "You don't have to move down the street! Don't go nowhere! These pigs can't keep you from observing. You have a right to observe an officer carrying out his duty." And these pigs, they listened to this shit. See, Huey's citing law and shit. "You have a right to observe an officer carrying out his duty. Any policeman carrying out his duty.You have a right to. As long as you stand a reasonable distance away, and you are a reasonable distance. *Don't go nowhere!*"

The pigs kept trying to move the people, saying, "You're gonna get under arrest." So Huey just went over and opened the door to the Panther office and said, "Come on in here. They can't move you out." He took his key out, opened the door and let the people go in. "Now, observe all you want to!" The pig said, "What're you going to do with that gun?"

"What are you going to do with *your* gun?" Huey said. "Because if you try to shoot at me, or if you try to take this gun, I'm going to shoot back at you, swine. Furthermore"—and he just got off into it—"you're nothing but a sharecropper anyway. You come from Georgia somewhere, you're downtown making $800 a month, and you come down here brutalizing and murdering black people in the black community. They gave you some sergeant stripes and all I say is that you're nothing but a low-lifed, scurvy swine. A sharecropper from racist Georgia in the South somewhere.

"So if you draw that gun, I'll shoot back at you and blow your brains out!"

"You, you, you . . . " the pig was mad. "You're just turning the Constitution around." This is the pig trying to slough it off.

Huey said, "I'm not turning anything around. And I got my gun. What are you going to do with yours?" This blowed the pigs' minds. Pigs didn't know where to go, man. Huey just walked on around the front of the car. Got on around the front of the car, talking, then went on and opened the office door again and let some more people in, telling the people they don't have to go nowhere, citing their Constitutional rights and all this stuff, and just jumped on out of the office again and said, "Now what are you going to do?"

I'M SITTING IN THE CAR. I GOT THE HAMMER of my 9mm cocked back. I say, "These pigs is going to be wild-eyed. I *know* they gonna be crazy." I rolled the window down. "What's *your* name?" I say, "My name is Bobby Seale, why?" "Want to check *you* out. Got any identification?" I laid my pistol down, gave them identification; I picked my pistol back up. I said, "My name is Bobby Seale, as it says in my identification. Want to check me out?"

"You was arrested for armed robbery at seventeen."

I said, "You a goddamned liar. I never in my life been arrested. I never have been arrested for armed robbery." They didn't even check me out. "You were arrested for armed robbery when you were seventeen. But since you were a juvenile, we can't arrest you for possessing a gun now." I say, "You damned liar. I never been arrested for armed robbery. I don't want to hear it. Fuck it."

And Huey out there, man, he's calling the pigs swine, dogs, sharecroppers, bastards, motherfuckers, with his M-1 in his hand. And *daring* them, just daring them! "You don't pull your gun on *us*." And that's where Huey began to show us. You tell some motherfucker, and you *mean* it! This is what I remember. Huey was relating to one thing. When he told me, a long time ago, to remember that we might not ever come back home one day, I said, "I'm with you, Huey." I remember that. I remember I might not never come home one day. "Fuck it, I'm with you."

We were sitting in this car, and Huey made us all stay in the car and be quiet. He's out there, the baddest motherfucker in the world, man. He and ten pigs. Three or four of them trying to run kids off of bicycles and tell them people they ain't got no right to stand around, and Huey going out there interrupting, "No! Come in the office." Little kids on bicycles got inside the office. We had a big, wide, clear picture window. Niggers just got all over the front of the window, man. They'd lean on it, kiss the window, just to listen to this shit. And they would be hollering, "Go 'head on, brother," and, "Run it on down. You know where it's at," and "I can dig it," all the while Huey was letting these pigs know where it was at. The brothers observing would see that those pigs were scared of that *big* gun that a bad black but beautiful nigger had in his hand. Every time Huey would say, "If you shoot at me swine, I'm shooting back," niggers would have to holler something like, "Tell it, *do* it brother." All that would do to Huey is let him know that he was revolutionizing our culture; educating black people to be revolutionaries, that the gun is where it's at and about and in.

Then some people came up after that, after Huey had made this display of going in the office. The other people were standing around and the pigs weren't even moving no more. And Huey just daring them to do anything. Huey got a M-1 with him. One of them eight-round clips in there. What do you do, man? All you do is back up a nigger like that. You do nothing else but that. Anything that happens, this nigger's the baddest nigger you ever seen. 'Cause this nigger is telling *ten pigs*, "I don't give a damn what you do," and making all of us shut up and be disciplined. And we have our shit ready, sitting in the car.

So I say to myself, this is the baddest motherfucker in the world! This nigger is telling pigs, "If you draw your gun, I'll shoot you." Telling this to the pigs standing there. All of a sudden the pig says, "You're just turning the Constitution around." Huey say, "I'm turning nothing around. I'm exercising my Constitutional right. I've got the gun to back it up!" And he got the gun in his hand. And the pig *see* the gun. And the nigger done told the pigs that if you act wrong, you get down wrong, I'm going to kill you!

So what do you do? You say, this nigger is bad. This nigger is crazy. But I like this crazy nigger. I like him 'cause he's good. He don't take no bullshit. You back him up.

So that was the very major incident that happened with the Black Panther Party in front of the Black Panther Party office. And after *that*, the major incident that happened, we really began to patrol pigs then, because we got righteous recruits. I think we got 10 or 12, maybe 13 extra members in the party that day, just come in, put applications in. We went down to the Poverty Office again, I was still working there, and drew up a formal form of application for enrollment to get into the Black Panther Party. And from there, what did we do? We just patrolled pigs.

[*To be continued*]

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[The Platform of the Trojan Donkey]

A Welfare State for the Rich

by Lee Webb

"I CAN TELL BY YOUR FACES," shouted Mrs. Beulah Sanders, a welfare mother, at the nearly solid sea of white faces on the Democratic Platform Committee, "you don't care about poor people." Hale Boggs, congressman from Louisiana and chairman of the committee, was visibly nervous.

But Mrs. Sanders' testimony was wasted on the Democrats. The 100 men and women on the committee simply stared back with identically impassive expressions. Nonetheless, the welfare recipients had come to the right place to make their appeal. The Democratic Party has its fingers on the federal purse strings and is quite willing to loosen them for its friends. The problem is that poor people and black people and working people don't seem to get the "friend" treatment as often as everyone else. If Mrs. Sanders' husband had appeared before the committee in a Brooks Brothers or Neiman-Marcus suit, or if the appeal was made not for the poor but for the American Iron and Steel Institute, the American Emergency Committee on the Panama Canal, the American Importers Association or the Association of American Railroads, Democrats on and off the committee would have fallen over each other in the rush to help.

Those underprivileged like Mrs. Sanders, who provide the continuing electoral majorities for the Democratic Party, can no more take part in the Party's actual decision-making than they can drive Ferraris or vacation at St. Tropez. In 1964, when the Democrats met in Atlantic City, ten per cent of the delegates made more than $50,000 a year. Another 20 per cent made between $25,000 and $49,999. Fewer than three per cent of the seats went to people who earned less than $5000—although 43.1 per cent of the working population, and a much higher percentage of the Democratic voters, fall into that income bracket. The median income for 1964 Democratic delegates was $13,223. For the Republicans, it was $20,192. For American citizens generally, it was $5742.

A working man who hated "bosses" might have felt uncomfortable on the floor of the '64 convention. Nearly 30 per cent of the delegates were businessmen, and that's more than 30 times the number of union officials who simultaneously occupied the hall.

Illustration by Christopher John

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Delegates *must* be wealthy to meet the expenses of attending a convention. Ninety-one per cent of the Atlantic City convention delegates had to pay all their own bills—an estimated $500 per delegate. State Democratic Parties also expect delegates to kick in to the party treasury for the privilege of being a delegate. Some state delegations expect the conventioneer to buy expensive tickets to a fund raising banquet, and others ask for a direct contribution (Iowa this year asked $250 per man).

In addition to being wealthy, the delegate must be loyal. More than half of the '64 convention delegates—54.6 per cent to be exact—were party officials. Another large contingent was composed of public officials. Of Michigan's 102 delegates to Chicago, 28 held county or district offices; seven held state party offices and were once district office holders; 21 held elected offices; ten held down patronage jobs; seven received their badges as rewards for past party loyalty. In the Rhode Island section of the amphitheater, 17 delegates held state office and eight were being rewarded for past work; the remaining two were local labor leaders. Delegates like these are not boat rockers. They *like* the status quo, both in American society and within the Democratic Party.

Party leaders rely on these "loyal" delegates for the votes at the national conventions. The delegate is someone who has already gotten something out of the political process. Sitting on the convention floor, he remembers that party job or the lucrative highway contract he received or the importance of the state funds deposited in his bank. He's also reminded of how much he enjoys rubbing elbows with the high and the mighty. Thus, since he has received something, he "owes" something in return. He's loyal because it could cost him too much to buck the party leaders. He has been rewarded for "service" to the party with a delegate's badge. Because of his loyalty (and wealth), he is in a position to make some decisions which are very crucial to America.

IN RECENT YEARS, THE ONLY REAL THREAT to the Democratic Party's self-perpetuating machine has come from the ill-fated McCarthy campaign. Though hardly challenging the legitimacy of the corporate and propertied hegemony in the party, McCarthy's mild criticism of Johnson's Viet-Nam policy was enough to make him *persona non grata* among party regulars.

An insurgent candidate like McCarthy is faced with enormous problems the moment he tries to run against that carefully constructed Trojan Donkey—for the rules of the Democratic Party are written to help the writers of the rules. Bucking the stack of loyal delegates is no easy task. Receiving the cold shoulder from the party bosses, the insurgent decides he will take his case to the people. A noble thought. But it's easier to think noble thoughts than to carry them out. The party bosses who helped write the laws have made such an undertaking almost impossible.

The Presidential primary, a major political "victory" of the Progressives, is worth very little. Only six states have binding Presidential primaries. In eight other states (including Pennsylvania, where McCarthy won) the primary is not binding on convention delegates. In 20 states the delegates are chosen directly or indirectly by party officials alone. All of the old Progressive reforms turn out to be worth less to democracy than a single Yippie cheer.

And that's not all. In 15 states, the delegates aren't even chosen in the year of the convention. At Chicago, 606 of the delegates (representing 372-1/2 of Humphrey's committed votes as of July, according to the Associated Press) were elected either two or four years ago.

An insurgent can try breaking through the Credentials Committee—with about the same chance that Ernie Terrell had against Muhammad Ali. McCarthy's strategy guaranteed that the Chicago convention would be the most challenged in history (nearly 1000 delegates and alternates were under some kind of challenge). Yet Gene McCarthy's hope of picking up the delegates there which he couldn't win in the back room or the primaries didn't have a chance of being realized; the Humphrey majority knocked them down one at a time like clay pigeons.

The convention itself is set up by the Democratic National Committee, a group so weak that in Chicago, where even casual conversations were surrounded by security guards, *its* meetings were open to any and all. The committee's real power at Chicago resided in National Chairman John Bailey—whom Stephen Mitchell, McCarthy's convention manager, himself a former national chairman, labeled as the man responsible for the "stacked convention." Nothing was spared in the drive to stop McCarthy and help Humphrey. Bailey had considerable power at his fingertips, for the Democratic National Committee has delegated most of its powers to its chairman.

In preparing for the Chicago convention, Bailey had personal power to make all physical arrangements for hotel and office space (that's how Texas got into the Hilton while California was shunted off to the inconvenient LaSalle); to make all arrangements for seating delegates, alternates, press, radio, television and visitors (California alternates were seated in a remote section of the balcony; several went home the second day in disgust); the power to make all security arrangements; the power to convene committees and appoint their chairmen (Hale Boggs' appointment was no accident); and, of course the power to appoint both the temporary and the permanent convention chairmen.

From the beginning, though, Bailey was honest. Before Johnson's abdication, but after McCarthy's declaration, Bailey had said that while there are "some differences" within the party, "We know who our nominees will be . . . we will gather next August to nominate our President Lyndon Johnson and our Vice President Hubert Humphrey."

Most liberals are shocked to discover the influential role that big businessmen play in the Democratic Party, but this is an historical pattern. In 1932, Joseph P. Kennedy contributed $25,000 to Franklin D. Roosevelt, loaned the party another $50,000 and raised $100,000 from "among his friends and acquaintances," some of them Wall Street figures worried about the way the wind was blowing. Jewish bankers also played an important role in financing FDR. Jesse Strauss, Herbert Lehman, Howard Cullman and Sidney Weinberg contributed and raised hundreds of thousands of dollars from their friends for the Democrats. With them in the high councils of the party were old line WASPs whose names are reminiscent of the New Deal: Vincent Astor, Francis Biddle, William Bullitt, James Gerard, Averell Harriman, R. Sturgis Ingersoll. None of them feared Roosevelt's appeal to the common man, and many went on to occupy high posts in the Roosevelt Administration.

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John J. Raskop, chairman of the finance committee of General Motors, was chairman of the Democratic National Committee in 1932. Though his man was Al Smith, he gave more than $23,000 to Roosevelt's campaign. Gerard Swope, president of General Electric, Walter Chrysler of Chrysler Motor Company, and A. P. Giannini, the man behind the Bank of America, all pitched in either to help elect him or help him run the New Deal.

The oil industry also lent a helping hand. In 1936, H. L. Doherty of the Cities Service Company gave $55,000. That same year, Walter A. Jones, a Pittsburgh oilman, reportedly gave $102,000. Jacob Blaustein of the American Oil Company made frequent contributions, and Sid Richardson helped out as well. These men were Democrats. They knew that there was as much in the New Deal for the businessman as there was for the unemployed. An expanded role for the federal government in the economy, if properly used, could guarantee profits and growth to those who got in on the ground floor. Small but powerful in the 1930's, this stream of businessmen into the Democratic Party would become a surging flood by the 1960's.

A coalition with the rich and the powerful may be good business for party leaders, but it doesn't win elections. At least in 1948, to win votes a Democrat had to be a "trust-buster," particularly when he was worried that Henry Wallace's challenge might siphon off millions of poor and working-class votes into the Progressive Party. Harry Truman showed 'em how to wow the yokels when he snarled at the "Wall Street reactionaries [who] want to increase their privileges regardless of what happens to the other fellow. They are the gluttons of privilege. These gluttons of privilege are now putting up fabulous sums to elect a Republican Administration."

THAT WAS A GROSS EXAGGERATION in 1948. It would be an absurdity now. In 1964, for example, 69 per cent of all funds raised by the Democratic Party on the national level came in contributions of $500 or more. By contrast, the Republicans were able to raise only 28 per cent of their funds in gifts of that size. At the state and local level, where 3300 contributions of $500 or more are known to have been made, $2.5 million went into Democratic treasuries, while the Republicans got only $1.7 million.

This shift is even more pronounced when you consider the really big money: i.e., contributions in excess of $10,000. In 1960, the Republicans were still taking in twice as much as the Democrats in contributions of that size. But in 1964, the Democrats collected nearly $1,240,000 in really large gifts, while the Republicans gathered only $869,000.

An equally important indicator of the shift of really big money in politics is the measurement of the political contributions of major trade associations and special interest groups. The 13 top groups—including, for example, the American Bar Association, the American Medical Association, the American Petroleum Institute, the American Iron and Steel Institute, and the Association of American Railroads—include just about anybody who could be called a "glutton of privilege."

In 1956, the officers and directors of those top 13 associations gave $741,189 to the Republicans and only $8000 to the Democrats. By 1960, the amount was down to $425,710 for the GOP and up to $62,225 for the Democrats. And in 1964, while the Republicans collected $200,310, the Democrats picked up $225,790. Maybe that's why nobody talks about "gluttons of privilege" anymore.

What better way to guarantee assistance from a federal government controlled by the Democratic Party than through big cash contributions to the party's coffers? Such aid is necessary to assure a whack at federal contracts, research and development funds, patents, subsidies, tax breaks and a "sympathetic ear" from the regulatory agency that determines the fortunes of modern American corporations.

A well-timed contribution to the President's Club has won many a federal favor. Although cash on the line can't explain the whole governmental system of aid and assistance to American business, it does symbolize the commitment and involvement of key business leaders on all levels of both the Democratic and Republican Parties and the federal government, who have helped mold the American political economy into its present shape.

THE RHETORIC OF "CREEPING SOCIALISM" and "government encroaching on our lives" still wows them in the Kiwanis Club, but rarely will a big businessman be found talking there. It's more likely he's busy at a federal agency negotiating a contract, or meeting with fellow industry leaders to plan a legislative campaign to get that new law or subsidy the trade association he belongs to so badly wants.

Six billion a year is earmarked for direct subsidy to specific industries, and if oil depletion and the tariff are included, the total hits $8.5 billion. Farming is also big business in the United States. Farmers received more than $4 billion in subsidies last year; cotton planters collected $935 million, while the 45,000 domestic sugar producers divided up a cool $500,000,000. Some companies rake in quite a haul—one sugar company in Hawaii got $1.3 million, and another in Florida received a check for $1.2 million.

One of the biggest subsidies goes to the oil industry. The 27-1/2 per cent oil depletion allowance permits oilmen to avoid many federal taxes. In 1965 for example, one of the 20 largest oil companies—Atlantic—paid no federal income taxes, and four others—Cities Service, Sinclair, Pure and Richfield—paid no taxes and wound up with a tax credit. The average tax rate paid by the 20 oil firms that year was 6.6 per cent. If the $5.6 billion profit for that year had been taxed at the normal 48 per cent corporate rate, the close to $3 billion dollars saved could have allowed reductions in taxes for the poor.

Big businessmen also keep a close eye on the income tax in Washington. High priority is given to maintaining tax loopholes wide enough to allow high-paid tax attorneys elbow room to neutralize the high income tax rates for the rich. And it works. In 1962, three taxpayers who earned over five million dollars that year didn't pay any taxes. Nor did three taxpayers with incomes between two and five million dollars, or five with incomes between one and two million dollars, or 16 who earned between $500,000 and one million dollars. Escaping taxation, it seems, proves a man is a professional. And behind each pro, there are tens of thousands of others in the top income brackets who use tax loopholes (and fraud) to escape the income tax at least to some degree.

But that only scratches the surface of what businessmen come to Washington to achieve, and what the Democrats do their damndest to insure, whether in Washington or in convention.

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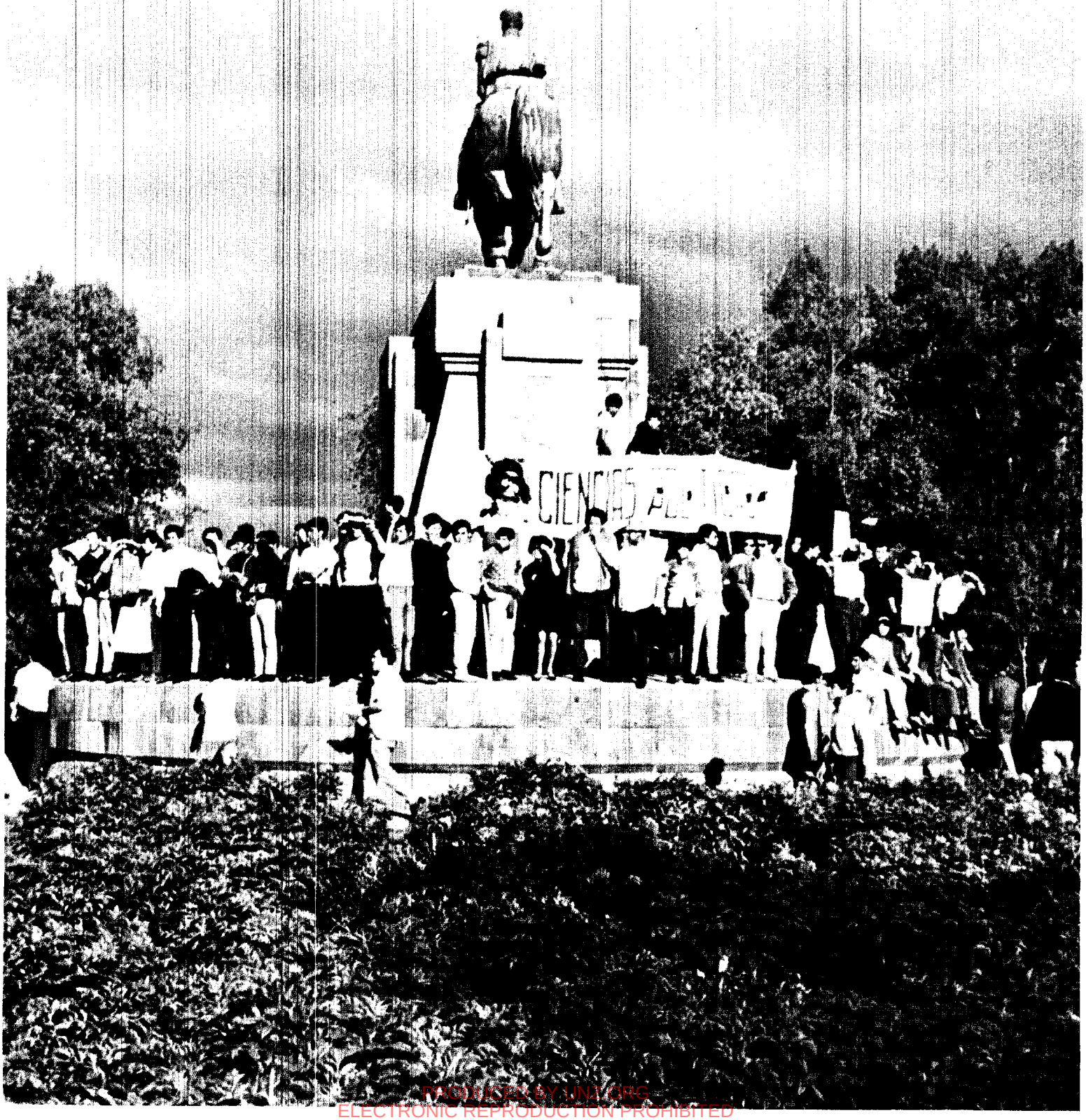
In Mexico ['68]



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MEXICO, 1968. FOR THE FIRST TIME since 1936 the Olympic Games are being held in a fascist country. The XI Olympiad in Berlin, with its mass rallies and tremendous popular frenzy, was a terrifying demonstration of how a totalitarian state could mobilize a whole nation. The XIX Olympiad in Mexico City is mute testimony to how a state can repress its own people. For the past three months, Mexico City police and the Mexican Army have been called into action time and again as the government's only response to a student movement which is demanding civil liberties and political change.

Even before the widely reported injuries and deaths that followed the military takeover of the National University on September 18, at least seven students had been killed in the streets and 40 more were listed as "disappeared" in police reports—although the Mexican government succeeded in suppressing such news concerning the earlier clashes. During the same months, over 2000 students had been arrested and thrown in jail. In July the Army had invaded the city's high schools, setting off, as did the September occupation of the University, waves of protest throughout the country.

The students have nothing against the Olympics; they never harbored any plans or intent to sabotage the Games. By the testimony both of their leaders and their rank and file, the students were happy and excited to see the Olympics take place in their country. But the Olympics provided a pretext for the government to try to destroy the student movement. And because of this, the Olympics, it seems, will be held at gunpoint.

Of course Mexico did not volunteer to host the Olympic Games in order to present rising rebellion and bloodshed in her streets to world attention. The Mexican government and the ruling party, President Gustavo Díaz Ordaz and his *Partido Revolucionario Institucional* (PRI), intended to display an attractive, sprawling, modern city of seven million people, capable of providing ample diversions for the visiting hordes expected from around the world. The implication was that if Mexico could handle the Olympics, she would be ready to take her place among the "developed" nations of the world. "We hope that the Games will give us a chance to present a good image of what Mexico is today," a high official of the Olympic Organizing Committee told us. "Mexico can show the world that she is capable of building installations on time and with unheard-of innovations, some of the best ever."

European and American tourists arriving in Mexico are unlikely to see much of the extreme condition of poverty under which much of the population still lives. They will hear, though, the government propaganda about the unbelievable economic gains of the last decade. And, in some ways, the economic development has been as remarkable as the government claims. A steady growth rate of over six per cent has been maintained; the consumer goods and construction industries are booming; an affluent middle class has been formed in the cities, ready to consume the goods that the economy is now capable of producing. The trouble is that most of the nation does not share in the modern life which the middle class has built for itself: the peasants in the countryside, seven million of whom still speak only Indian languages; the laborers in the *barrios* of Mexico City, who can find work less than half of the year; the young people, seeking careers in a country which cannot accommodate them. And when these people ask for their share of Mexico's "development," the middle class, whose voice is the PRI, answers only with repression. The rule of the middle class in Mexico has turned into a rotating dictatorship by the PRI. Despite the trappings of democratic elections, the PRI tries to run Mexico like Franco's Spain. Anyone who steps out of line quickly finds out what totalitarianism is all about.

THE BATTLE WHICH HAS KEPT MEXICO CITY in turmoil had its roots in the pettiest incident imaginable. On July 22, there was a fight between students from Vocational School Number Two of the National Polytechnical Institute (Poli) and Preparatory School Isaac Ochoterena. Preparatory schools (Prepas) are for students from fourteen to eighteen who will be going on to study at the University. Vocational schools (Vocas) are for those who will continue at the Poli. There is a traditional rivalry between Prepas and Vocas, just as there is between the University and the Poli. The July 22nd clash was just another episode of school rivalry, neither surprising nor politically significant.

The fight between the young students was resumed on the 23rd, but this time the government—in particular the Department of the Federal District, headed by General Alfonso Corona del Rosal—had been forewarned of the disturbance and had made a decision to intervene. Corona del Rosal sent the granaderos (Mexico's tactical police) to meet the students. The kids were beaten by the police and chased back into their schools where both students and teachers were attacked indiscriminately.

The students and the teachers were outraged. Mexico's universities have always enjoyed legal autonomy from the government and particularly from police interference, and this independence is considered to extend to the high schools as well. To protest the clear violation of autonomy and the brutality of the police, a march was organized for July 26th by the government-sponsored student organization at the Poli, the FNET (National Federation of Technical Students). The Communist youth group from the University, the CNED (National Democratic Student Organization), organized a march for the same day, and plans were made for the two marches to join. The activities had all the appearances of a developing student movement, and Corona del Rosal and his cronies in the Federal Department began to see the specter of France and Columbia. They had planned to quickly end the disturbances of the 23rd and then get on with the business of preparing for the Olympics. Now, however, they began to fear that it wasn't just the Olympics that were at stake; the single-party state might be in trouble too.

The power monopoly which PRI has enjoyed for almost 40 years has been due, in large part, to its ability to keep political disagreements and differences between left and right within the institutional framework of the party. To maintain a facade of democracy, PRI has allowed other political parties to exist, but only under close supervision. It subsidizes the other parties —including the "illegal" Mexican Communist Party—and in addition has set up a whole series of politically-oriented

by John Spitzer & Harvey Cohen

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500,000 Mexicans demonstrate on August 27 against the government's repression of the Mexican student movement.

organizations, such as peasant and labor unions, student organizations, regional councils and patriotic clubs. In this way, the PRI effectively maintains control over the entire organizational life of the country.

Recently, however, the "left-wing" leaders of the PRI, who still take Mexico's revolutionary heritage seriously, have grown more and more discontent with the totalitarian way in which PRI has been running the country. And as PRI is no longer able to resolve all ideological differences within the family, it is compelled to enforce an ever-tightening party discipline. Any political organization or activity whatsoever which is permitted to exist outside of PRI is a danger to the party's grip on the country. The student protest is just the kind of independent movement that the government most fears. Indian peasants, urban workers, former PRI radicals—all have their grievances against the government. The student movement might be just the catalyst to unite them. If the students could reach the people, the whole single-party structure might come tumbling down. The government had no choice but to repress the rebels.

The government planned the repression well. The protesters had applied for and received parade permits from the Department of the Federal District. Nevertheless, General Corona del Rosal had sent letters (a copy is in the possession of the students) to all the granaderos, telling them that they would have to be on duty on the 26th, but that they would get a 40-peso bonus for their services. Provocateurs from the police infiltrated the student groups on both marches, with instructions to incite the students to acts of violence. Squads of granaderos were concealed in all the side streets around the Zócalo, the historic central square of Mexico City where the marchers were headed.

The student marches had joined together and had reached the Calle de la Palma, off the Zócalo, when the granaderos struck. They fell on the students with clubs and bayonets, driving them from the Zócalo. A group of younger students leaving an oratory contest held that day at Prepa Number Three ran smack into the melee. They were beaten unmercifully and driven away with the demonstrators. Sixteen students were wounded, four of whom—Jose Richard Fuentes, Arturo Zuiroz, Pedro Colin Morin and Frederico de la O. García—later died.

FOLLOWING THE POLICE VIOLENCE of the 23rd, this new attack was too much for the students. Instead of scattering as they had before, they took up arms—rocks, cobblestones, bottles, anything at hand—and fell back in small bands, holding off the police as they retreated. By that evening the Prepa students had barricaded themselves inside their schools and were fighting off the police.

By the 29th, 500 students had been jailed and the number was growing by the hour. One hundred city buses had been captured and turned into barricades. Each time the granaderos would mount an attack, the students would burn a line of buses in the street to drive them back. The kids held the Prepas in the center of the city for three solid days against anything the granaderos could throw at them.

On every level—politically as well as militarily—the students were effectively organized. Meetings were held at each school in Mexico City, to declare a strike and form committees of struggle (*comités de lucha*). The committees quickly unified themselves into the Consejo Nacional de Huelga (National Strike Committee) and put forward a set of six demands around which all the students could unite: the firing of the police chief, General Luis Cueto, and the head of the granaderos, Armando Frias; public admission of responsibility for the violence by the authorities of the Federal District; freedom for the imprisoned students as well as for all other political prisoners held in Mexican jails; dissolution of the granaderos; indemnity for the families of the victims of the police aggression; and repeal of Articles 145 and 145b of the Penal Code, which define "social dissolution," the "crime" for which most political prisoners in Mexico are arrested.

The students' demands were a stroke of political genius. Instead of proposals which would protect only themselves, the students had made broad democratic demands in which all of the Mexican people had an interest. The repeal of Articles 145 and 145b of the Penal Code, in particular, appealed to the organized labor movement and to the liberals in the PRI, for these laws have been used for years to imprison such labor leaders as Demetrio Vallejo and Valentin Campa, both of whom are still in jail. A further political victory for the students was the formation of a coalition of teachers which lent unqualified support to the strike and to the students' demands. Politically and militarily, the students had demonstrated that they could build a united front and fight the government on even terms.

THUS IT WAS THAT IN THE SMALL HOURS of the morning of July 30, at the urgent request of Corona del Rosal, General Marcelino Garcia Barragán, minister of Defense, ordered the Army into action. The police needed help. Tanks were lined up opposite the ancient, beautifully carved main door of Prepa Number Three, which the students had occupied for several days. Machine guns and carbines were trained on the entrance. A column of paratroopers ran toward the door, placed a bazooka against it and blasted it to smithereens. Hundreds of tough paratroopers poured into the school and drove the students out at bayonet point, right into the arms of the waiting granaderos, who attacked the students with clubs and more bayonets. Hundreds of students were wounded and hundreds more taken prisoner.

At dawn, the battle still had not ended. Police and paratroopers cruised the Zócalo and the surrounding streets looking for students. Later that day, students were fighting running battles with the police and the Army throughout the center of the city. By July 31st, there had been at least 1200 arrests and 400 wounded among the students.

The repression was not limited to Mexico City; it extended to the provinces as well. On July 29, in Villahermosa, capital of the state of Tabasco, striking students demonstrated on the lawn of the governor's mansion while squads of police waited in ambush inside. Suddenly the police opened fire on the demonstrators with rifles and machine guns. After a number of students had been wounded and the demonstrators had been driven back, one student shouted, "To the PRI offices. They're the ones who are to blame for all this. Let's give them some of their own medicine!" The offices were burned and sacked by the crowd. Then the police really came out in force. The crowd was attacked from both sides and driven towards the bridge over the Grijalva River in the center of town. Hemmed in by police fire on both sides, the students had no choice. More than

Photographs from Mario Menendez/*Por Qué?*

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5000 students, according to magazine estimates, jumped into the river; the police fired machine guns at them as they swam. That night, the University doctor testified, there were five waterlogged cadavers in the police morgue. For the next four days, Villahermosa and the campus of the Universidad Juárez were occupied by the Army.

With the entry of the Army into the struggle, the students turned to new tactics: mass demonstrations and an informational campaign. Hundreds of *brigadas* of five to ten students each were formed at the striking schools. The *brigadas*, with thousands of mimeographed informational bulletins and pamphlets in hand, climbed aboard city buses and entered the factories and the villages around Mexico City to try to tell the people the truth about the student movement. When police approached, the people would either warn the students to scatter or sometimes even hide them until the danger had passed.

VERY FEW WORKING-CLASS PEOPLE in the city were willing to commit themselves to actually fighting alongside the students against the police and the Army. But as the informational campaign began to take effect, popular sympathy for the students gradually increased. The mass street demonstrations organized by the students grew in strength throughout the month of August. The first demonstration, held on August 1, was greeted by closed shutters and stony faces as the group marched from the University through one of the nicer middle-class neighborhoods. In this case, the government didn't dare to confront the students directly since the rector of the University, Javier Barros Sierra, was marching at their head.

By the second demonstration, on August 5, opinion had begun to shift to the students. They marched from the Poli through a working-class neighborhood, and by the time they reached the end of their route the group was 50,000 strong and included many workers who for the first time in ten years dared to express themselves against the government.

The demonstration on August 27 was even more impressive. The government had plenty of advance notice and had organized a "counter-demonstration" to be held in the Zócalo. All government personnel were given the day off and were encouraged to participate in a pro-government march. But those government employees who did march, marched in the student demonstration. At the head of the parade was a girl who works for the Olympic Organizing Committee, leading a chant of "*no queremos Olympiada, queremos revolución.*" By midday, there were more than half a million people in the Zócalo.

One student related to us, "I was marching in one of the front lines and just two or three lines behind me were the people carrying a huge poster of Che inscribed with the words '*Hasta la Victoria Siempre*' [Onward to Victory, Always]. We had all linked arms and were chanting in unison, 'Che . . . Che . . . Che Guevara.' Just as we passed into the Zócalo, by the National Cathedral, the bells in the church started ringing. All of them at once. Many of us turned and looked at the picture of Che and began cheering and screaming. I looked over at the person marching next to me and there were tears in his eyes. I guess I was crying too."

The August 27th march, which not only had widespread non-student support, but much non-student participation, was a tremendous victory. By late that night there were still thousands of people in the Zócalo, with every intention of staying there. Then, sometime between one and two a.m., the government moved. From every side, troops, tanks and armored cars converged on the square at breakneck speed. Students dived in all directions to avoid being crushed by the tanks; some were not quite fast enough and had to be dragged out of the square by their friends. Soldiers fired "over the heads" of the crowd with carbines and machine guns. By morning, the Zócalo was clear—nothing but tanks and soldiers were in sight.

As yet no tanks or soldiers had occupied the campuses of the University, the Poli or any of the high schools in Mexico City. There it was the students, not the soldiers, who ran the show. The government controlled the streets, and the movement controlled the schools. The strike committee of each school moved into the administration offices; the secretaries worked for them and the school paid the phone bills. Everywhere on the campuses, one could hear the University radio broadcasting from the tops of buildings: "This government has betrayed the people . . . by ignoring the peaceful demands of the students. . . . This government has betrayed the people . . . by sending the Army on campus in violation of University autonomy. . . . This government has betrayed the people. . . ."

On the morning of September 18, the government betrayed the people once again. Columns of trucks rolled onto the University campus to clear the students out. The National Strike Committee fled into hiding. Over 500 students were arrested and carted off in Army trucks. Now it was clear that, despite a month of talk about "dialogue," the government had only been waiting for the moment to launch another attack. The only warning the students received was a statement sent to them on the 17th: "If it is your intention to threaten disturbances [during the Olympic Games], the government repeats its determination to use all legal means that the Games may be carried out normally." The government hardly waited for a reply, for it was only 24 hours after the statement was issued that the troops moved in to occupy the campus.

In fact, the government had received a reply to its threat a month prior to this date, in the form of a statement by the National Strike Committee: "Our movement is a political movement and doesn't take a position on anything but politics. . . . The Olympics may be a problem, but they're not our problem, they're the government's problem; if there is any connection between this problem and our movement, the government can resolve it in short order by granting our demands." This was more than ingenuous rhetoric; it was the actual attitude of the students. Of the hundreds of students we spoke to, not one had anything bad to say about the Games. In fact, many expressed the hope that the government wouldn't settle their demands before the Games, because then they would not have to go back to school and miss a lot of the events.

The government, however, needed an issue which would divert attention away from the students' demands. So a hue and cry was sent up in the national press: the students were planning sabotage against the Olympics, the students were planning demonstrations against the Olympics, the students wanted to wreck the Olympics and give the whole country a black eye. Day after day the papers printed these stories, setting the students up for the kill. The Mexican press has yet to print a true word about the students and their movement.

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"LISTEN, THE PEOPLE DON'T EXIST. The people don't make any difference. What's important is the public opinion we create with the papers." A member of Díaz Ordaz' cabinet was addressing Carlos Madrazo, the former head of the PRI. The students never had any illusions that the nation's press would tell the real story of their movement to the Mexican people. For despite Constitutional guarantees of freedom, the Mexican press is for all practical purposes owned by the government and, therefore, by the PRI.

The mechanics of press control are simple and ingenious. Newsprint and magazine stock in Mexico is nationalized as a government monopoly. The monopoly is administered by the government agency *Productore e Importadora de Papel S.A.* (PIPSA). All of the publishers in the country tell PIPSA in advance how much paper they need, enabling the government to plan production and imports. To publications which the government likes, PIPSA grants more or less unlimited revolving credit, in effect creating a government subsidy for subservient papers.

Excelsior and El Sol, for example, two of Mexico City's biggest dailies, are currently indebted to PIPSA for several million pesos each. Should any of the papers print a story which upsets the government, all it usually takes is a simple call from PIPSA, informing them of their debt, to obtain the desired retraction. And for papers that do pay their bills on time, PIPSA can still exercise pressure by reducing or withholding their paper allotment. This was the method the government used to put the Communist weekly, Política, out of business.

During the student disorders, the press was its usual dutiful self. It reported that the fighting had been provoked by Communist agitators among the ranks of the students, and that there had been no deaths among the students, although several policemen were gravely wounded. It was weeks after the event that the press mentioned in passing that the door to Prepa Number Three had been blown in with a bazooka.

The only publication in the entire city to break the government monopoly on information about the riots was the weekly magazine Por Qué?, which bills itself as an "independent journal" and demonstrated just that quality. Por Qué? is edited by Mario Menendez Rodriguez, a burly young man with a furrowed brow who keeps a .38 caliber revolver on his desk—in the "out" basket. Menendez is experienced in dealing with the government, as were his father and his grandfather—also crusading newspaper editors in Mexico City. He pays his bills from PIPSA as soon as they arrive. Nevertheless, even he did not anticipate the high price the government would exact for telling the truth about the riots.

In his August 28 issue there appeared an editorial entitled, "Where Are the Dead?," informing his readers that Por Qué? was in the midst of conducting an investigation of the riots. A special issue on the riots was finished two weeks later with abundant photographic documentation of the police brutality. When Menendez took it to his printer, he was shown a letter from the government, saying that if the issue were printed in his shop, the printer could forget about all government contracts in the future. "If I print your magazine, I'll be taking the bread out of the mouths of hundreds of workers at my plant," the printer told Menendez. A second printer told Menendez exactly the same story. It took Menendez two more days to find a printer who would print Por Qué? The plates were prepared and left at his plant on a Monday night.

On Tuesday morning, the printer showed up at Menendez' office. "Man, he was scared shit," says Menendez, whose English is well sprinkled with Americanisms. "He said that policemen from the *Departamento Central*, that is, directly from Corona del Rosal, had come to him the night before just after we left; they had threatened to bust up his presses and to kill him if they had to, and had left with all the photos we had there in the shop. . . . So we were looking for a printer again."

Finally, they found one: an old man who owned a shop on the outskirts of the city and who had once done some work for Menendez' father. Menendez and his entire staff set up camp at the printer's, armed to the teeth with .38's and carbines, huddled around an old rotogravure press trying to get an issue printed before the *Departamento Central* discovered where they were. They managed to get half a million copies off the presses before the paper ran out, but their troubles weren't over.

As soon as the police learned the magazine had been printed, the president of the Magazine Vendors' Union received a call from the private secretary of Corona del Rosal, who told him that the union would be wise not to touch Por Qué? Menendez countered by taking 50,000 copies each to the University and the Poli to be distributed, and soon the students were peddling the magazine on the streets all over the city. Within a week all 500,000 copies had been sold, and they are now being passed from hand to hand and black-marketed at a good deal more than their original price of 20 cents.

THE HALF-MILLION COPIES OF Por Qué?, along with the impressive mass demonstrations, produced a marked increase in popular support for the student movement. But the task of turning the student movement into a national left wing has hardly begun.

Until the government invasion of the University on September 18, there were still two possible ways for the students to move into national politics. The students could attempt to build their *brigadas* from propaganda organs into units of clandestine armed struggle. Most students, however, rejected this path as revolutionary romanticism: "This talk about urban guerrillas is just childishness," one student leader told us. "We can still influence the policy of the government. Remember, there are divisions within PRI. The government cannot yet do as it pleases." And indeed, during the month of August, the students were receiving sympathy and covert financial support from dissident left wingers in PRI, including Carlos Madrazo and the former president of Mexico, Lázaro Cárdenas. Such men hoped that the student movement could form the basis of a new, democratic and nonrevolutionary left in Mexican politics.

The recent actions of the government, however, have made the former course seem, if not attractive, almost inevitable. Already the *brigadas* are fighting running, guerrilla-style battles with the Army in the streets of the city. The National Strike Committee, in session at the University at the moment of the invasion, has remained underground ever since it went into hiding on the 18th. The move towards clandestine organization is not a choice the students made for themselves; the government made it for them. The Díaz Ordaz government has proved that a fascist regime cannot be removed from power either by mass demonstrations or by democratic elections. In this year of Olympics at gunpoint, Mexico's political future looks bleak and violent.

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[Travels With the Right]

WALLACE

by Pete Hamill

Illustration by Mary Morhoff

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[I. "SURE, I'M FOR WALLACE"]

IT WAS A HALF HOUR FROM CLOSING TIME at the Brunswick Billiard Parlor, a dark, green-walled place squashed under the flaking portico of the Capital Hotel on West Markham Street in Little Rock, Arkansas. The pool tables were empty green rectangles at the back of the room. In one corner, three men in sport shirts sat at a plastic table. They were drinking Schlitz from bottles while an old Hank Williams tune drifted from the jukebox. At the bar, munching sardines and crackers, a tall, lean man named Jim Lewis stared at himself in the mirror. He was wearing a plastic boater adorned with a Wallace-For-President bumper sticker.

"Sure, I'm for Wallace," he said, washing the sardines down with a beer. "There ain't no one else but Wallace. He's the one, the only one who's really sayin' he's gonna change things in this country."

"You don't care for Humphrey or Nixon?"

"Just a couple of phonies. Couldn't change a gah-dam thing. . . ."

"What kind of change are you looking for?"

"Everythin'," said Jim Lewis, who is a carpenter. "Get these long-haired scum in the colleges straightened out. Stop the gah-dam knee-groes from riotin' an' lootin'. Stop taxin' us to pay people for not workin'. Let our boys win that war in Viet-Nam. Hell, any plain fool knows what we gotta change."

"What makes you think Wallace can change all of that?"

Jim Lewis slowly turned his head and squinted the way John Wayne has squinted in every movie he's ever been in. "George Wallace can do it," he said firmly, "because George Wallace is his own man!"

Around the corner, two blonde hookers walked past the Trailways bus station, waving at cruising automobiles. Humphrey headquarters was deserted and forlorn, and Nixon headquarters looked as if it hadn't opened at all. A green 1967 Chevrolet convertible pulled up at the corner. The two hookers went over and talked to a pair of crewcuts inside. After a minute of bargaining, they climbed in, and the car pulled away down West Markham Street. The car bumper carried three Wallace stickers. As they passed the Marion Hotel, one of the crewcuts saluted the building with a toot of the horn. Upstairs in his sixth-floor suite, George Corley Wallace slept the sleep of the just . . . or at any rate, one of the just who had pulled down a large and holy score. He was assisted in his serenity by the guns of the Secret Service.

[II. ON THE TRAIL]

AT 7:30 IN THE MORNING, the seedy, high-ceilinged lobby of the Marion Hotel was confused and noisy. Luggage spilled onto the sidewalk, while crews from the three networks checked and rechecked their precious cargo of cameras, film and cable; they received no help from the black hotel staff. Secret Service men with discreet blank shades and tiny identification pins in their lapels scrutinized every strange face. The Wallace staff, born in parochial campaigns in Alabama, struggled bravely with the problems of the Big Time. Luggage was lost; some staffers searched for it while others called ahead to Springfield, Missouri, to see what the problems would be at the next stop.

"Gah-dam, Jess," one staff member complained. "I told you to get this straight fo' you went ta bed lass night."

"How could I, Bill? You know I did my best."

"The best ain't good enough, Jess."

The male staff wore blue college-style blazers with Wallace crests sewn onto the breast pocket. Most were middle-aged, with deep lines of erosion on their faces; a few were younger, decent looking kids from prep schools or law offices who didn't seem to care what the campaign was all about, but who acted happy to be in on it. The Wallace girls wore maroon blazers, no make-up, and a look of faintly disguised unhappiness. One of them passed out a revised schedule; there were no advance copies of speeches, because Wallace delivers the same speech everywhere. As we were about to leave, the elevator doors opened and a girl walked out. She was dressed from head to toe in a shiny silver cowboy suit. She smiled, and her capped teeth and silver blonde hair must have jolted the hangover sacs at the backs of various skulls. She looked like Candy Mosler, the great Texas lady who had beaten a murder rap in Miami a couple of years ago: a face purchased in stores and a body saved from age by tender care. She was wearing a Wallace cowboy hat.

"Who the hell is that?" I asked.

"That," said Bob Greene of Newsday, "is the girl from the Dodge Rebellion."

"The girl from the *what?*"

"You know, the Dodge Rebellion commercial on TV. She comes on and says I want *you* for the Dodge Rebellion, and then she tries to sell you a Dodge Charger. She's doing the same for ol' George."

It was truly beautiful: George Wallace had found his *La Pasionaria*, and she was wearing a silver cowboy suit. A couple of days later I realized that the girl from the Dodge Rebellion (whose name is Janeen Welch) was to be one of the pinnacles of good taste in the campaign.

On the campaign plane, Wallace sat in the front compartment with his advisers, while the press suffered in the rear. Most campaign planes have a kind of boozy familiarity to them; if the trips are long, the stewardesses serve an unlimited supply of drinks and sandwiches; reporters walk the aisles or write advance stories which are taken in hand by a representative from Western Union for filing at the next landing. There is no liquor on the Wallace campaign plane. You can bring your own on board, of course, but if you have neither the time nor foresight to make such an arrangement, you must settle for a can of Dr. Pepper or Coke, and perhaps a box of Crackerjacks.

Occasionally, Wallace walks down the aisle to visit the john or talk with reporters from Alabama. He spends much of his campaign time blasting the press, but he's friendly enough on the plane. "Yawl keep hittin' it," he'll say. "Just get the name right." And he'll stand there smiling, clutching a cigar in a horn holder, a small round-headed man with the air of a dandy about him. He wears his suits cut tight, with highly polished shoes, carefully trimmed fingernails, a handkerchief making a white arrowhead in his breast pocket. He looks a lot like a caricature, with his Vitalis-sleek hair combed straight back.

Black eyebrows dominate his small, Cagney-like features and have a way of making him look Satanic when he lowers the head and looks up from under them. The back of his neck was raw on the day I first met him, as if he had just come from a barbershop, and he reminded me of a good bantamweight named Pappy Gault who came out of South Carolina in the

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early '50s. Wallace, of course, was a fairly good amateur prizefighter in the '30s, and he won several amateur titles (people who remember him say that he lacked skill but had plenty of animal courage).

At 10:35 we touched down in Springfield, Missouri, in the middle of flat, dry country. There were about 150 people waiting at the airport for a glimpse of the candidate; overhead, a small plane flew back and forth trailing a Wallace-For-President banner. The small crowd cheered the girl from the Dodge Rebellion when she came down the ramp, and then they cheered even harder when Wallace emerged.

"Let's go right to the fence," he said, and the Secret Service men flanked him as he walked with small, precise steps over to see some of the people who hope he will be the next President of the United States.

"Sorry we late," he said, shaking hands as he moved. "Sorry we late, real sorry about that. Good to see you. Hope yawl come on downtown with us. Good to see you. How are you, son, good to see yawl. Sorry we late."

The people looked at him in the way that would become so familiar in the days that followed. There were older people with bad teeth and glazed eyes, men with hard, calloused hands, mothers with children in their arms. Some had hand-lettered Wallace-For-President posters; others had bought their emblems (hats, bumper stickers and buttons which are sold, not given away, and bring in about $7500 a day to the Montgomery headquarters alone). "You're gonna be the next President, George, you really are. . . . We're with you, George . . . give 'em hell, George. . . ." They loved him and wanted him.

Wallace finished at the fence and walked to a waiting Ford. A group of Air National Guardsmen stood in front of a hangar housing dark khaki helicopters. Wallace threw them a snappy military salute, shook hands with the local cops, and climbed in for the trip to Springfield.

THE WALLACE CAR MOVED through flat scrubby country, past scattered billboards advertising farm equipment and into Kearney Street. The Wallace campaign does not try to arrange motorcades; they are too dangerous, they cannot be milked for contributions, and if the crowds aren't large, Wallace could be compared unfavorably with the other candidates. And yet there were small clumps of people waving at him along the way, as he went past the McDonald's hamburger place, the Colonel Sanders Southern Fried Chicken store, past the Homemade Chili Parlor, the Tastee-Freez, the Safeway, past all those old white houses with swings on the front porches and the grass out front trimmed neatly, where the people who hate the 20th century continue to exist as if Tom Sawyer still lived up the street.

He stopped on West College Street, in front of Frank's Barbershop, and talked for a while to some of his local campaign managers. The reporters walked through an alley between Heer's Department Store and the Evans Drugstore. There were uniformed men from the Sheriff's Department everywhere, and Secret Service types glommed the crowd. We entered the public square, and there before us, 15,000 strong, cheering and shouting, were the Wallace people.

"Are you for Dixie, yeh yeh, are you for Dixie, oh yeah. . . ."

A country music band with electric guitars was jamming on a flag-bedecked flatbed truck while two singers named Mona and Lisa Taylor, part of Wallace's traveling crew, shouted into the microphone. Mona and Lisa were wearing red, white and blue dresses and silvered hair, two skinny girls who seemed to be trying to remember all the moves the McGuire sisters made on the Ed Sullivan show years before; dentists and beauty shops in Alabama hadn't helped them much, but the crowd didn't care. They were there to stand up for America.

"I been a Democrat all my life," said Ed Higgins, a florid, heavy-set plumber, "but this last year I begin to wonder if I been making a mistake. We had Roosevelt, we had Truman, we had President Kennedy. Now we got Johnson. And it still hasn't made a darn bit of difference. Nobody respects anybody anymore. These goddam protesters don't respect nobody. They want people just to give them things. They don't want to earn anything. People around the world, they don't respect us anymore either. We been suckers too long and I think this man can stop that and make people respect us again."

High up behind Ed Higgins, a cop with field glasses stood on the roof of the Betty Day clothing store, watching for people whose lack of respect for George Wallace might lead to murder. In one section, fenced in by Wallace supporters, a group from the Black Students Association carried signs reading: "Wallace Is A Racist"; "One Hitler Was Enough"; "Don't Let George Do His Thing To Everybody Else"; "Support Wallace And Help The Black Revolution."

"Look at those animals," said Mary Hearne, a fortyish housewife wearing rimless glasses and a flowered dress. "They always talk about free speech and civil rights, and then they come in here to try to spoil this."

"Are you for Wallace?" she was asked.

"Of course I'm for Wallace. You can't even walk the streets of this country without some black animal robbing or raping you or some of these students with their hair and all causing some kind of trouble. That has to stop."

Such talk was general in this crowd and common to all the crowds Wallace attracted in the next few days. I wanted to find out something about the Wallace people, and discovered, of course, that there was little mystery to them. They were my own people, lower middle-class people who worked with their backs and their hands, who paid dues to a union that was remote to them, people who drove a cab or tended bar one night a week to make ends meet, people who went hunting with the boys on vacations, people who handed their infant children to their wives while they applauded the candidate. Most of them seemed to make about $125 a week and were struggling to pay off GI loans on their homes. They told you about a world filled with enemies: Walter Cronkite and Huntley and Brinkley; long-haired protesters and Chinese communists; The New York Times, Fidel Castro, Russians, people with beards, New York, pot smokers, anarchists, pinkos. It's a strange world, filled more with fear than with hate, but containing enough hate to make it dangerous. Most of them say, for example, that they do not hate Negroes; they just wish that Negroes would shut up and go away.

They want change; the America they thought was theirs has become something else in their own lifetime, and they want to go back. Some of them have even been supporters of Robert Kennedy (a phenomenon first noted by Paul Cowan in The Village Voice), because they saw him as an agent of change; whatever America is in 1968, they want to change it, and their instincts are true enough to tell them that Humphrey

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and Nixon will change nothing. So they have rallied to George Wallace, mainly because he says to them that change is simple. Just change the man at the top and we can all return to a year like 1910, when there were harvests in the fall and feasts in the spring, when kids went swimming in the old swimming hole and played baseball and football and respected God, Flag and Country. Most of all they want to return to a time in America when you lived in the same house all of your life and knew everybody you would ever care to know on the street where you were born. Dismiss these people as racists and bigots if you will, but you would be a bit too glib. A lot of the people attracted to George Wallace are just people who think America has passed them by, leaving them confused and screwed-up and unhappy.

"There's some days when I get up and read the paper and feel like I'm gonna go out of my goddam mind," a farm implement salesman named James Quigg told me in Springfield, Missouri. "When is all of this gonna end?"

I didn't know, and he didn't know, and poor Mrs. Hearne in her flowered dress and rimless glasses standing in the public square didn't know either. Mrs. Hearne just seemed certain that if her candidate were elected President it would all go away.

"This is the greatest country in the world," she was saying. "People used to be happy here. I'm telling you. Maybe in the Depression we didn't have much money, but nobody starved. And we made our own fun. We read books to each other or played Monopoly at night and once a month we all went to a show. Kids today got too much. They don't do anything for themselves. And ever since this civil rights business started people have been unhappy."

She turned from me suddenly, and started jumping clumsily and waving her small red hands in the air. Wallace had climbed to the speaker's stand and the square exploded with a huge, somewhat terrifying roar. Wallace placards bobbed in the air, clenched fists shot out at the sky, the band played "Dixie."

And we were awash in defiance and an oddly touching and pathetic kind of hope.

[III. THE SPEECH]

EVERYWHERE THAT WALLACE WENT The Speech was sure to go. In Little Rock and Milwaukee, in Springfield, Illinois, and Springfield, Missouri, in Cincinnati and Charleston. Only a phrase or two would change, and only the audiences were different. Wallace would stand before a cluster of microphones and cameras, his hands shifting from one pocket to another or stabbing the air for emphasis, and The Speech would come rolling out—cocky, defiant, loaded with innuendo, sarcasm and country humor. The audiences were almost always filled with His People, and they would sing the national anthem and recite the Lord's Prayer and fill the plastic boaters with dollar bills when the Wallace girls came around, and some even signed the automated pledges for larger amounts which would be billed to them long after the candidate had left town, even after his campaign had been settled forever at the ballot boxes. But they were willing to give, because they were true believers and because when that was settled they could hear The Speech.

"I want to talk to yawl about dissent," Wallace says. "I believe in dissent. I myself am a dissenter. I agree with the right to oppose the war in Viet-Nam and the right of dissent." The audience is quiet, unsure of what's coming. "But I do not agree with your right to advocate and work for a communist victory in Viet-Nam! There's a difference between dissent and treason! [Roar From The Crowd] And any good cabdriver here in Springfield [Milwaukee, Columbia, Charleston] knows that! [Big Roar] So I promise you when I'm elected President and someone waves a Viet Cong flag or raises blood, money or other things for the enemy, we're gonna throw him under a good jail someplace!"

To visitors freshly arrived, his views on Viet-Nam seem surprising; the popular image of Wallace, at least in the east, would lead one to believe that he is a Super-Hawk who is fully prepared to unload the hydrogen bomb on the yellow vermin of Southeast Asia. But he actually says something quite different.

"Now about Viet-Nam," he says, "I don't think we should have gone in there alone in the first place. We should have gone to our Western European allies and the noncommunist nations of Southeast Asia, and if we decided to go in there at all, we should have told them we would not carry the military and economic burden alone. That they would have to share equally, and if they were still not interested, I would cut off every dime of foreign aid and make them pay back every cent they owe us datin' back to World War One. [Big Applause] So I would go to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and I would ask them, 'Can we win this war with conventional weapons?' And if they said yes, I would make full use of this country's conventional weapons to quickly end this war and bring our boys home." This always brings a roar from the crowd. Wallace never says what he would do if the Joint Chiefs told him the war was not winnable with conventional weapons. Some of his aides say that he would pull out "and the hell with it."

A lot of what he says on other issues is reasonably mild. Even on law and order (or as he says it, "Lawn Awduh"): "The other two candidates—before the conventions I used to say they wasn't a dime' worth a difference between 'em, especially on Lawn Awduh. Now I say they's not a dime' worth a difference between them and me . . . and I'm the original!" Wallace is against increased welfare spending and poverty programs which he feels are essentially used to bribe slum dwellers. But he is also against creating a national police force. "I said facetiously that we oughta turn the country over to the police for two years," he will say. "Well, you all know what I mean. I mean that we should give the police and firemen just two years of being able to enforce the law, without the Supreme Court standin' on their necks, and we could straighten this country out. We don't need new laws. All y'have to do is enforce the laws you got and if they [Read Blacks] don't obey them then throw them under a good jail someplace." This always brings a roar, and he follows it this way: "You know, if you were to be mugged or beaten or molested on the way home from heah tonight, the person that did it to you would be free before you got to the hospital. [Laughter] And on Monday they'd be charging some policeman with a crime!"

Wallace reserves his most withering scorn for those members of the federal bureaucracy who are charged with enforcing federal guidelines on desegregation, open housing and equal opportunities. These are the guideline writers, a contemptuous breed of Americans who are only slightly worse than their allies in perfidy, the pointed heads Who Can't Park A Bicycle Straight.

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These people have clogged the country's laws with so much bureaucratic verbiage that "the anarchists and seditionists" have been running amok on the streets of America.

"Ramsey Clark doesn't have enough time to weed out the anarchists and the seditionists," Wallace says, "because he's too busy running around the country enforcing these guidelines. They got guidelines that tell you when to get up in the mornin' and when to go to bed at night. [Laughter] We're stranglin' on guidelines. And you know who writes the guidelines? Some pointy-head who can't park a bicycle straight. They all come from the multimillion-dollar tax-exempt foundations. I'm talkin' about Rockefeller, Ford, Carnegie and Mellon Foundations who are making fortunes on tax loopholes, while the little man is bangin' his head against the wall tryin' to pay his taxes. When I'm elected President, we're gonna close those loopholes and we're gonna ask the Congress to raise the individual tax exemption from $600 to $1000." This brings a big round of applause, especially from the tired inhabitants of the not-very-posh suburbs who might literally be going crazy trying to pay taxes. Wallace follows up with the fate awaiting the guideline writers under the Wallace Administration:

"You know, these guideline writers go around the country with their briefcases filled with guidelines havin' themselves a good ol' time. But when I'm elected President, I'm gonna recall all them guideline writers and take their briefcases and throw them in the Potomac! [Big Roar of Laughter and Applause] And then I'm going to send them all out to private industry and have them do some honest work for a change!"

That's pretty much it. On the surface, at least, Wallace is just another descendant of the old Southern populist tradition: anti-big government, anti-establishment. It is a position that has always had its touch of paranoia, and in Wallace's case the paranoia comes out in deep suspicion about the press (especially the Washington Post, The New York Times, and the Baltimore Sun) and a severe case of anti-intellectualism. But this should not be very surprising; at this point in 1968, George Wallace probably expresses the deepest sentiments of the majority of Americans a hell of a lot more than does Eugene McCarthy, or for that matter, Humphrey and Nixon. Wallace and the black and radical militants also share some common ground: local control of schools and institutions, a desire to radically change America, a violent distrust of the power structure and the establishment. In this year's election, the only one of the three major candidates who is a true radical is George Wallace. "There's more of us," he tells every audience, "than there are of them." And, of course he's right.

The only problem, of course, is that the masses, those cabdrivers, beauticians, steelworkers, ironworkers and construction men so beautifully romanticized by generations of dreamy socialists, are really an ugly bunch of people. If the campaign of George Wallace has its ugly and racist aspects, it is because George Wallace is the creation of the people.

[IV. ENVOI]

THERE WAS A NIGHT IN MILWAUKEE when the good white lower middle-class burghers came out by the thousands to see ol' George at the auditorium. They came as if it were a church social: well-scrubbed, smelling of underarm spray, the girls wearing their skirts longer than in any other town in America. There were children and old people among them, but there were also a lot of the urban young. These were not the kids who worked for Kennedy and McCarthy, and they certainly weren't the kind of kids who become hippies. They were street kids, tough street kids, who drink beer every Friday and Saturday nights and get their muscles off in lieu of their rocks by beating each other senseless on the sidewalks or in the cafeterias when the saloons close. They were carrying Confederate flags and Wallace hats, and if you are given to writing sonnets about how youth will save us all, I wish you had seen them there that night.

Just before Wallace arrived, while the band was playing "Your Cheatin' Heart," a group of Father James Groppi's NAACP commandos and their followers came into the hall. The place shook with boos and jeers.

"Out, you black bastards, out," some of the finer young Wallace men shouted. A few white girls from Marquette University were with the commandos and the Wallace men yelled, "Can't you get any white cock, baby? Those boogies must do you real fine." About ten of the commando girls started dancing on chairs, while the rest stomped the wooden floors and clapped their hands, and one beery Wallace kid started slamming his folding chair, groaning: "Niggers! These goddam niggers!" He looked like he would cry.

The MC asked everybody to stand up, and they all started singing the national anthem. The commandos kept clapping. Then the MC called for the Lord's Prayer before the pitch for funds, but the commandos stayed on the attack.

"Oh Jesus, those black bastards," one of the young Wallace men said. "They don't even have no respect for God."

Still it went on, and you hoped that Wallace would soften The Speech, that he wouldn't talk much about Lawn Awduh or running over an anarchist with your car; you thought, if he did that, if he eased off, then there might be some secret place in his character where responsibility still lived. If he made The Speech intact, there could be dead people in the auditorium before the evening was over.

But Wallace was implacable.

". . . I tell you that when I'm elected President, and some anarchist lies down in front of my car . . . it'll be the last car he'll ever lie down in front of. . . ." The place roared. The young Wallace thugs started moving towards the commandos and down from the side mezzanines, and then suddenly it was over. Father Groppi led his group out, calmly and orderly. "We made our point," he said. "We wanted to make the point that everyone in America doesn't buy Wallace's racist garbage. It was a useful evening."

And as Groppi and his people marched out, the audience stood and booed and cursed and yelled about niggers and tramps and other things. You wished that Groppi was right about America, but after all we've gone through these past few years it is more likely that the people shouting filth and abuse were the real America. Ladies with flowered dresses, confused salesmen, men eating sardines and crackers late at night in bad saloons: all of them lusting for some terrible vengeance, some bloody catharsis that would make everything the way they think it once was in this country. George Wallace is not the cause of the disease; he is only a symptom. And before this year is out, we might discover just how much company we have in the cages of the damned.

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[Travels With the Right]

RAFFERTY

by Peter Collier

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Illustration by Colin Patrick

"NOW YOU WATCH, when things start to get hot in this campaign, Cranston will try to make me look like some sort of cross between Hitler and Attila the Hun." Leaning back at his desk and tossing off bons mots with studied carelessness, Dr. Max Rafferty, California's state superintendent of public instruction and Republican candidate for the U.S. Senate, discusses what he affably calls "The Pat Brown Syndrome," so christened in honor of his old enemy, the ex-governor. "Pat used to do it every time an election rolled around, you know. It amounts to this: call your opponent a Dangerous Paranoiac, and let it go at that. I don't doubt that The Syndrome will be used against me this time around."

Projecting vaguely rapacious innocence, Max Rafferty is the sort of fellow who drives his many enemies—in the schools, in politics and in day-to-day life—wild with frustration. He is a law unto himself, with his own strange rules of logic and procedure. One of these rules is that the game must always be played on a field of his own choosing. When asked recently about the hardening position of Alan Cranston, former state controller and Birch-baiter-in-residence for the Brown Administration, on the use of police force, Rafferty noted dryly, "It is commendable. I welcome him as a disciple in my crusade for law and order."

The superintendent of public instruction is more a happening than anything else, the sort of zany political occurrence that has become commonplace in California over the last ten years. Inheriting an Irish gift for gab from his father and the right to membership in a group known as Children of the American Revolution from his mother's side of the family, the fifty-one-year-old Rafferty has parlayed a ready wit and quicksilver tongue, as well as a bizarre theory of education, into rapid prominence in statewide and now national politics. Since his first appearance as a public figure just seven years ago, he has become a sort of house intellectual for California's right wing, swinging out on practically every issue that comes into view, writing books (*Suffer, Little Children* and *What They Are Doing to Your Children*) and syndicated newspaper columns, and making an untold number of image-building appearances up and down the state under the pretense of ministering to the multiplying ills that afflict the schools. In the process, he has captured a committed following and refined the expansive, voluble style which titillates admirers and causes enemies to scour their imaginations for scornful epithets. He has been called "one of the finest minds of the 12th century," and "the Mickey Spillane of education."

On the surface, the superintendent would seem to be a good target for The Pat Brown Syndrome. Paranoia hangs about his politics like cheap perfume, and taken as a whole, his comments do seem dangerous enough. He is a loudly self-proclaimed patriot whose last, best refuge has always been the Gold Coast of Orange County; he has indicated that he favors strict censorship of books and films, and he lightheartedly volunteers to undertake the defense of any number of neanderthal positions—from unleashing the military in Viet-Nam to unleashing law and order on the dissenters at home whom he pleasantly calls "creeps and commies."

But Dr. Rafferty is far from being either stupid or a Manchurian Candidate under the control of sinister forces. Put simply, he has seen which way the truth is blowing. "The current state of American chaos," he says gleefully, "is the result of 36 years of liberal sovereignty." In education, in morals, in matters of state, Rafferty is able to communicate vividly the failures of the recent past, while holding out a vision of a new order whose simplicity is perfect in all dimensions. He is that thing he claims to despise most—a pragmatist. He knows where the action is and has managed to get a corner of it for himself, as is evident from his insight into his defeat of incumbent Senator Thomas Kuchel in the June primary, an upset which surprised practically everyone except the superintendent himself. "What happened to Kuchel," he says in his best offhand manner, "was simply that he outgrew his usefulness and became invisible. He was a protégé of Earl Warren's, you know, when Warren was governor of this state, and he grew up in the era of cross-filing, when a politician could have a foot in each camp. This is what determined that neuter political character, and what accounts for the fact that he wound up looking like a half-Democrat. But California had been changing while Kuchel was away for all those years in Washington. The politics polarized, and the status quo wasn't good enough any more. Kuchel never seemed to realize it, though. Throughout the primary, he relied on his incumbency, on his 17 years seniority in the Senate, on his position as minority whip. It was an invisible campaign, the sort he has always gotten away with, only this time it didn't work."

Whatever Thomas Kuchel's sins of omission, Max Rafferty understands polarization, having courted it as early as 1962, when he was first elected superintendent of public instruction. From the beginning of his career, he has flamboyantly pitted himself against the status quo which by now has alienated practically everyone. Instinctively, if not consciously, he understands how deeply the American dream has failed for the great WASP middle class: its social position has eroded, despite money and property; it has become dispossessed despite its affluence. Rafferty has always spoken directly to the phenomenon of surburban power, with its longing for the old

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virtues of Americanism which it knows by nostalgia rather than experience, with its desire for the certitude of straightforward, uncomplicated solutions and for a return to the individual rather than the group as the primary unit of social emphasis.

Max Rafferty is the witty, authoritative voice laying down the ground rules to these people for their reentrance into the American Eden. The message is simple, but no less soothing for being so. It is: We're Not Guilty. For starvation in Asia: "There has always been mass starvation in Asia, long before there was a United States of America, largely because most Asiatics insist upon breeding like rabbits. . . ." For civilian deaths in Viet-Nam: "I blame the sinister Ho Chi Minh and his blood-drenched Viet Cong and that murderous mandarin Mao Tse-tung who conspired to start the slaughter over there in the first place. If you yell for my help against some burglar who has smashed his way into your home, and if one of your kids happens to get stepped on as I battle the intruder in your living room, I'm going to get pretty steamed if you hold *me* responsible."

Max Rafferty would take everyone back to a simpler time, when standards were absolute and a man was not hedged in by so many moral conditions. This is the work of a magician, not of a charlatan, as some have called him. "Look," the superintendent says brightly, as if explaining that he's only trying to make a buck, "I'm just an individualist, and I've never claimed to be anything else."

[I. THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE MAX]

DR. RAFFERTY LUXURIATES IN HIS ROLE as a rugged individualist. It is one of the few things that has stayed with him over the years. But it is a posture nonetheless—one woven of words rather than deeds. Max Rafferty is a word-merchant. One's abiding impression of this clear-eyed, square-jawed man, with his head settled precociously on a body that seems too small for it, is that there are unruly mobs of words milling about behind his perpetual smile, anxious to get free and chase each other like school children off into open space. The superintendent's sentences come fast and thick without pause for reflection, as it is said Joe McCarthy's did. Words, not any special zeal or conviction, have always been Rafferty's most attractive feature.

He was not made by a warmed-over charm salvaged from grade-C movies, or even by hard work within the party organization, but by words, specifically by a speech. Among the acolytes surrounding the superintendent, it is spoken of in hushed tones as The Speech. It occurred in 1961, after Rafferty had done time as a teacher and administrator in a variety of small California schools, and it rescued him from certain anonymity.

Rafferty was talking prior to The Speech, but not very many people were listening. His is not an especially distinguished background, but it has always been more or less concerned with education, a preoccupation that has served him well. After graduating from UCLA in 1938—he is remembered there mainly for having been an ardent member of anticommunist organizations at a time when most of the student body was worried about fascism—Rafferty got a teaching credential and a job in Trona, a small, arid town at the gateway to the Mojave Desert. He doubled as coach of the football team and got a reputation for being a good man not to cross. He stayed at Trona High School through World War II, barely managing to avoid military service. After his occupational deferment ran out, he was classified 1A and passed his physical examination. He appealed, insisting that he had flat and deformed feet, but was denied. In a recent interview, his first wife, Virginia, recalled his aversion to the military. "He had been in the ROTC at UCLA and said that he hadn't liked it at all," she said. "He told me he hoped his flat feet would keep him out of the service, and he said if that didn't work, it would be easy to have an accident and shoot a toe off." As it worked out, Rafferty didn't have to take such a violent course. When he reported for induction, he insisted on a reexamination and finally got his 4F deferment.

Today, perhaps victimized by the generation gap, Rafferty says that he tried hard to get into the Army and was, at that time, "Wishing like the devil that they would take me. . . ." Draft resisters are very low in his estimation. They are the "creeps" spawned by a permissive education and a society out of joint.

After the war, Rafferty taught for a while in Big Bear, a resort town in the San Bernardino mountains, where he is remembered for being a good principal and an excellent public address announcer at the football games. A few years later, he became a doctor of education and a superintendent of schools. By 1961, he had made it to La Canada, a Los Angeles suburb, and he might have stayed there if it hadn't been for The Speech.

Rafferty had been giving The Speech, whose official title is "The Passing of the Patriot," in one form or another to Rotary Clubs and the like in small desert communities for some time, but it had never caused much of a stir. In 1961, however, he delivered The Speech to a gathering of 200 in La Canada and it resulted in an immediate furor. The audience was divided almost equally between loud praise and damnation of the speaker, a reaction which he still inspires today. Thinking back on this momentous event in his personal history, the superintendent says, "The rise of the John Birch Society—which I had never heard of till I came to the Los Angeles area—and other pro-American groups had created a tinderbox and I unwittingly dropped a lightning bolt in the middle of it." For a man who had never heard of the Birch Society, however, Rafferty showed what can only be called a remarkable instinct in The Speech. "The worst of our youngsters," he said, "are growing up to become booted, ducktailed, unwashed, leather-jacketed Slobs, whose favorite sport is ravaging little girls and stomping polio victims to death; the best of our youth are coming into maturity for all the world like young people fresh from a dizzying roller coaster ride, with everything blurred, with nothing clear, with no positive standards, with everything in doubt. No wonder so many of them welsh out and squeal and turn traitor when confronted with the grim reality of Red military force and the crafty cunning of Red psychological warfare."

The Speech caused many a ripple in the normally stagnant waters of California education. Portions of it were inserted into the Congressional Record; it was reprinted in dozens of papers over the country and in The Reader's Digest. Thus Rafferty's career as a force to be reckoned with was launched, and he began to popularize the message contained in The Speech, which is important less for its content than for its tone—What

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Are They Doing to Your Children?

Shortly after giving The Speech, Rafferty was approached by what he remembers as a "concerned citizens' group" to run for state superintendent of public instruction, a post which was shortly to become vacant. He did so, after being assured of adequate financial backing from Henry Salvatori, Walter Knott and other financiers of the right, who are now hoping that he will join George Murphy and Governor Reagan in a right-wing trinity. The 1962 election was hard fought, with several candidates on the primary ballot. Rafferty finished second to Dr. Ralph Richardson, a professor at UCLA. He later handily won the runoff in the general election. Like most nominally nonpartisan contests, this one split clearly down party lines: Richardson, the liberal Democrat, urbane and unexciting, backed by the professional teachers' groups and somehow identified with the status quo; Rafferty, the maverick, appealing to a grass roots concerned with the fact that their kids seemed to be growing up absurd.

Since arriving in Sacramento, Rafferty has, as one state legislator puts it, "been doing practically nothing but running for higher office." If he didn't know before, he has known since he gave The Speech where the action is, and during his years as superintendent he has largely ignored education and cultivated the action. California's educational system has responded by going downhill. Tests, in which he places more faith than most educators, show that the state is now 25th nationally in the accomplishments of graduating high school seniors. Neil Sullivan, superintendent of the Berkeley schools, says, "I've been in this state for four years now, and that guy has never called a meeting of all the superintendents of schools. Who the hell is he supposed to be leading anyway? I've only seen the man once in person, and that was when he called me to Sacramento to discuss the fact that the Berkeley schools had Langston Hughes' poetry on its library shelves. The conference involved my saying that the books would stay, and him saying OK."

If he hasn't done much about education, the superintendent has nonetheless been an enthusiastic gadfly on the back of practically any issue that has political potential. He has been the hardest of hard-liners among the University of California regents and has loudly attacked dissenters of all varieties. On a more parochial level, he has sided with women in Orange County who quibbled over the way that evolution was taught to their children; he has conducted a public pogrom against such pornographic classics as *The Dictionary of American Slang*; he has spoken out against strikes and homosexuality in the teaching profession. He proposed hundreds of niggling amendments to *Land of the Free*, the controversial eighth grade history text which became a minor cause célèbre throughout the state because of its attempt to present American history in a "scholarly" light and to portray, at least fleetingly, the accomplishments of minority groups. Objectionable to the superintendent were inferences that the U.S. became a colonial power when it took over the Philippines; that white supremacy was an integral part of the restoration of the Union after the Civil War; that the Japanese were thinking of surrender at the time that the atomic bomb was dropped; that Joe McCarthy might possibly have abused his powers as a senator. On the whole, Rafferty's objections didn't carry much weight with the State Curriculum Commission. But this wasn't important; his points had been made for all to hear.

What exactly has Dr. Max Rafferty done in six years as superintendent? Nothing much, nothing very harmful certainly, although his abrasive presence has been extraordinarily unaesthetic, especially for the liberals he has always driven up against the wall. He can legitimately claim, as he does on the list he has prepared of his ten top accomplishments, "the adoption of music textbooks containing such patriotic songs as 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,' 'You're a Grand Old Flag,' and 'Yankee Doodle Boy.'" He can take credit for producing "a recommended list of children's classics to be sent to all elementary and junior high schools." And most important, of course, he has kept his constituency up-to-date on the day-to-day progress of his thinking on issues that are vital to the Republic. All this wins him the order of merit he most wants—the Red, White and Blue Max.

[II. DING DONG DEWEY]

If one were to rely on his deeds as a public official, defining Rafferty would be like trying to carve a statue of Venus out of silly putty. But his writing and what passes for his official thoughts are something else altogether. Here, with sledgehammer arrogance, the world of Max Rafferty becomes clear.

In his promotional literature, the superintendent calls himself "one of the few major educational reformers in American history." This is the kind of solipsism permitted only to egomaniacs and political candidates. It is a claim that rests on two factors: a relentless attack on John Dewey, whom he doesn't understand in the least, and the way that Dewey's progressive education has corrupted modern children; and Rafferty's own counter-program, which he calls "Education in Depth."

What Dr. Rafferty endlessly belabors as "the gospel according to St. John Dewey" has never been implemented in this country's official educational philosophy, except for a pop translation which has managed to filter into professional educators' jargon. Certainly progressive education had ceased to be a vital issue for some time before Rafferty made it his number one priority in that first campaign of 1962. But to hear the superintendent tell it, Deweyism had reigned as long and autocratically as Louis XIV. And he has made a career for himself out of giving it life as a bona fide straw man which he is willing to knock the hell out of at a moment's notice.

This progressive education—what is it to Dr. Rafferty? It is a virus that silently infiltrates educational philosophy and condemns the young to a perdition of ignorance; it is a force that makes "the mastery of basic skills . . . erode, knowledge of the great cultures and contributions of past civilizations slip and slide, reverence for the heroics of our nation's past fade and wither." Deweyism is to Rafferty what the Supreme Court is to some of his adherents—a metaphor through which he can communicate his sense of the nation's all-out failure. "We have found out," he wrote in 1962, "that our morals are rotten, our world position degenerating so abysmally that a race of lash-driven atheistic peasants can challenge us successfully in our own chosen field of science, and our rate of juvenile murder, torture, rape and perversion so much the highest in the world that it has become an object of shuddering horror to the rest of the human race." John Dewey and the liberal pragmatic tradition out of which he worked are as much as

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anything else responsible for the end of the American empire. "I submit," says the superintendent, "that our national school curriculum, particularly in the elementary and junior high schools, has had little or no relation to the only really basic issue of the past decade and a half—national survival."

Dr. Rafferty's use of Dewey and progressive education is not especially noteworthy as intellectual activity. What this critique—which is actually a sort of smear campaign conducted in the guise of educational theorizing—does do, however, is give him a convenient peg on which to hang his ideas about the necessity for reviving all the antique virtues of American life. It does all that any kind of reductionism can for the reducer.

The superintendent's panacea for education's large production of Slobs is not only euthanasia for Deweyism, but also a plan of his own. What the term "education in depth" really means has eluded most who seek to understand it, although its outlines are fairly clear. It maintains that the "main purpose of education is to seek out lasting truths . . . and explore them to the greater benefit of the individual and the nation." It regards the individual as "the be-all and the end-all of the educative process." It wants a curriculum to "provide for the individual the tools and skills he needs to be a cultured, productive, patriotic American citizen." It believes that the "very survival of our country and the success of the individual . . . depends upon how well he is taught to hold his own in a highly competitive world." It always impresses upon the student that "our economic system has made us the envy and the wonder of the whole world." Over and above this, Rafferty is very strong on tracking students, forced feedings of facts, memorization and drill in the multiplication tables.

It is no accident that Max Rafferty has hedged on the topic of corporal punishment for children, since his whole educational theory amounts to a subtle infliction of punishment on pupils. "Once in a while," he writes, "a schoolman will come across a child who has been taught at home to equate punishment for a misdeed with a switching or a paddling, and who does not realize that he has done anything wrong unless discipline is administered in this manner." And ultimately, his "education in depth" is little more than a sort of sensory deprivation experiment for the child, a brutalization of soul, if not body. It is also a form of educational counterinsurgency to make sure that children don't develop any sort of discrimination about the ideas to which they are exposed; it is a way of ensuring that they are not free from authoritarian classroom regimens and don't develop in directions undreamt of in the dictionary of standard Americanisms. The superintendent's "educational philosophy" is motivated by an inquisitorial contempt for children as creatures whose wills need to be broken as early as possible; whose judgments need to be stifled with respect for authority before they have a chance to become dangerous; and finally, who must at all times be subjected to patriotism as if it were a mutilation ritual to ward off demons.

All of this is partially hidden beneath high-sounding cliches, of course. As with most who propagandize in prose, Rafferty's writing tells more about him than anything else. His is a style of writing that vulgarizes the language and ultimately makes it as inhuman and meaningless as the classroom would be for any child luckless enough to live in his utopia. Words for Rafferty do not exist to inform or even convince, but to overpower, to hammerlock a reader into submissive assent. They crowd about his awesomely simplistic ideas like a pack of male dogs all simultaneously trying to mount a bitch in heat.

The metaphors are overripe, and a rancid smell comes off them: "The educator should approach his class not as the chemist appraises his retorts nor the astronomer his nebulae, but rather as the conductor confronts his symphony orchestra. From the breathless whispering of the strings, from the clarion peals of the brass, from the muted thunder of the percussion, the conductor will weave the very fabric of great music, threaded throughout with the polychromatic strands of his own genius. Even so will the teacher evoke from the myriad experiences and abilities of his pupils the chords which, laced and interwoven with something of himself, will ring grandly in the harmony of life." What is important here is the fact that the most mundane of ideas is treated as an apocalyptic insight, and the reader is commanded by the language to pay homage to it. And throughout Rafferty's writing, there is an unbelievably heavy leaven of sentimentality, a counterfeit sentiment for those who have none: "From beneath our countless classroom desks have passed, in time gone by, the feet that plodded through the mud of the Argonne and waded ashore in the bloody hell of Iwo Jima. From the gymnasiums of American schools have come the lithe young bodies that fought and won at San Juan Hill and Tarawa, Seoul and Belleau Wood."

Through this maudlin, curdled stew, the reality of the world of Max Rafferty is rarely visible. But when it is, one realizes that the superintendent possesses little more in the way of logical argument than the non sequiturs Pat Paulsen has popularized as a stage device. "It seems to me," the superintendent writes, "that one of the first duties of a nation's educational system is to preserve that nation. After all, if the nation goes under, so do the schools."

Dr. Rafferty's books are whole concentration camps of literary and logical abuse. Perhaps his politics can be regarded as impelled by a pragmatic desire to be elected, but what he writes about and how he writes about it is wholly voluntary.

[III. YEAR OF THE BEAST]

IN MANY WAYS, MAX RAFFERTY IS A COMICAL, Chaplinesque figure, pummeling his straw men and casually pulling the wings off the ideas he has captured in a lifetime of watching, waiting and talking. But as he goes blithely on his way, dividing the universe into children of light and children of darkness, it is hard to forget that only in a period of social collapse and confusion could such a Rafferty-happening exist.

He is genuine American Gothic, and somehow the assertion that he is the offspring of a failed liberalism isn't powerful enough to explain a happening of his magnitude. Perhaps the Raffertys have always been there, waiting in the shadows for liberalism to run its course, so they could make their own wordy, confusing appearance at stage center. But now, as they claim what they regard as their rightful place as leaders of men, it is necessary to conceive the inconceivable—they will govern, for a time, this country and therefore the world. It will be a grotesque experience, but it may also sharpen our moral focus and allow us to see something which has become obscured over the years: the evil of banality.

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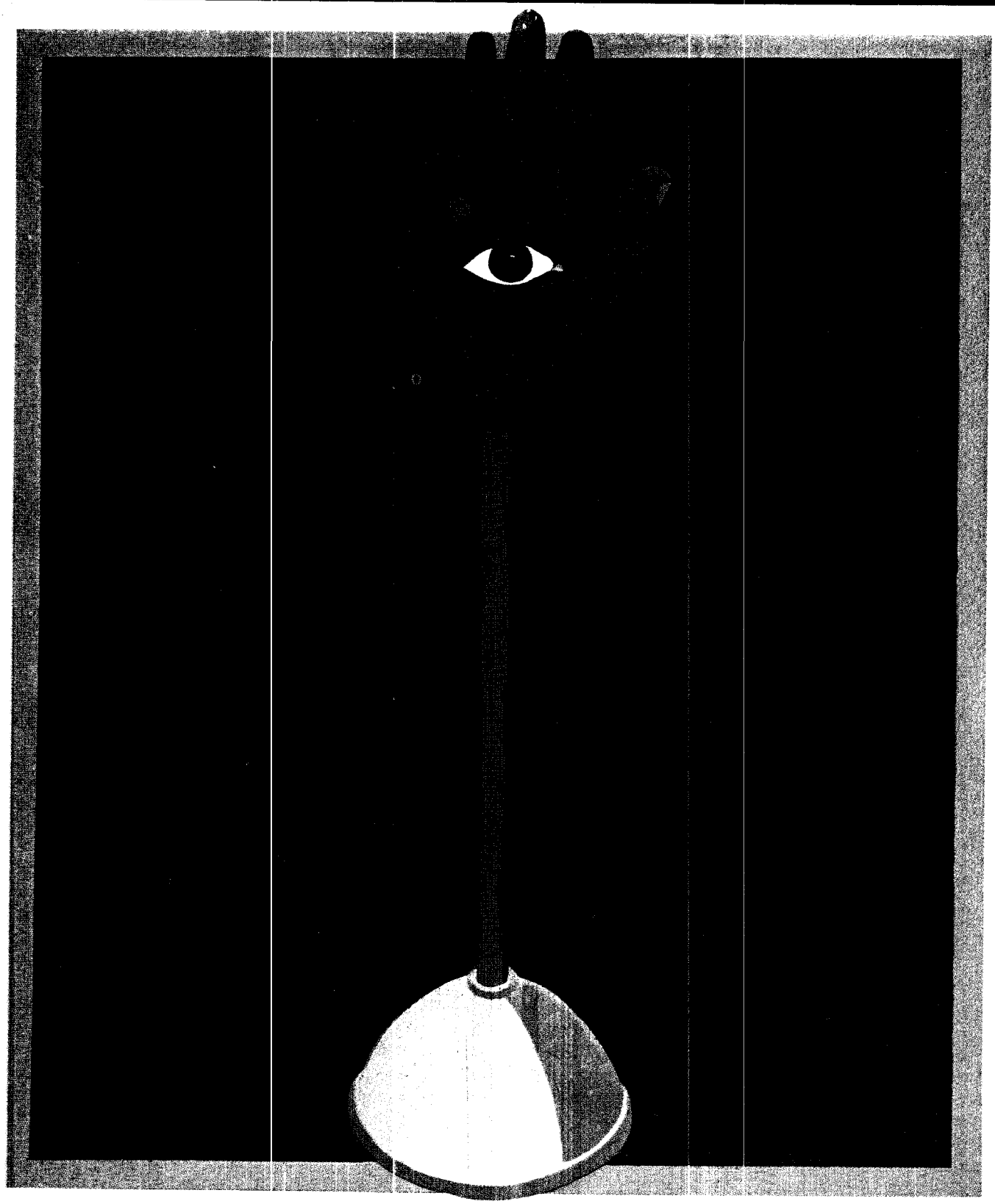

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SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE

OR

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

A DUTY-DANCE WITH DEATH

BY

KURT VONNEGUT JR.

A FOURTH-GENERATION GERMAN-AMERICAN
NOW LIVING IN EASY CIRCUMSTANCES
ON CAPE COD
[AND SMOKING TOO MUCH],
WHO, AS AN AMERICAN INFANTRY SCOUT
[HORS DE COMBAT],
AND A PRISONER OF WAR,
WITNESSED THE FIRE-BOMBING
OF DRESDEN, GERMANY,
"THE FLORENCE OF THE ELBE,"
A LONG TIME AGO,
AND SURVIVED TO TELL THE TALE.
THIS IS A NOVEL
SOMEWHAT IN THE TELEGRAPHIC, SCHIZOPHRENIC
MANNER OF TALES
OF THE PLANET TRALFAMADORE,
WHERE THE FLYING SAUCERS
COME FROM.
PEACE.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE *by Kurt Vonnegut Jr., a Seymour Lawrence/Delacourt Press book, will be published on March 10, 1969. The following are the first two chapters of that book.*

Illustration by Dugald Stermer

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[Chapter One]

ALL THIS HAPPENED, MORE or less. The war parts, anyway, are pretty much true. One guy I knew really *was* shot in Dresden for taking a teapot that wasn't his. Another guy I knew really *did* threaten to have his personal enemies killed by hired gunmen after the war. And so on. I've changed all the names.

I really *did* go back to Dresden with Guggenheim money (God love it) in 1967. It looked a lot like Dayton, Ohio, with more open spaces than Dayton has. There must be heaps of human bone meal in the ground.

I went back there with an old war buddy, Bernard V. O'Hare, and we made friends with a cab driver, who took us to the slaughterhouse where we had been locked up at night as prisoners of war. His name was Gerhard Müller. He told us that he was a prisoner of the Americans for a while. We asked him how it was to live under Communism, and he said that it was terrible at first, because everybody had to work so hard, and because there wasn't much shelter or food or clothing. But things were much better now. He had a nice little apartment, and his daughter was getting an excellent education. His mother was incinerated in the Dresden firestorm. So it goes.

He sent O'Hare a postcard at Christmastime, and here is what it said:

"I wish you and your family also as to your friend Merry Christmas and a happy New Year and I hope that we'll meet again in a world of peace and freedom in the taxi cab if the accident will."

I like that very much: "If the accident will."

I would hate to tell you what this lousy little book cost me in money and anxiety and time. When I got home from the Second World War twenty-three years ago, I thought it would be easy for me to write about the destruction of Dresden, since all I would have to do would be to report what I had seen. And I thought, too, that it would be a masterpiece or at least make me a lot of money, since the subject was so big.

But not many words came from my mind then—not enough of them to make a book, anyway. And not many words come now, either, when I have become an old fart with his memories and his Pall Malls, with his sons full-grown.

I think of how useless the Dresden part of my memory has been, and yet how tempting Dresden has been to write about, and I am reminded of the famous limerick:

There was a young man from Stambul,
Who soliloquized thus to his tool:
"You took all my wealth
And you ruined my health,
And now you won't *pee*, you old fool."

And I'm reminded, too, of the song that goes:

My name is Yon Yonson,
I work in Wisconsin,
I work in a lumbermill there.
The people I meet when I walk down the street,
They say, "What's your name?"
And I say,
"My name is Yon Yonson,
I work in Wisconsin . . ."

And so on to infinity.

Over the years, people I've met have often asked me what I'm working on, and I've usually replied that the main thing was a book about Dresden.

I said that to Harrison Starr, the moviemaker, one time, and he raised his eyebrows and inquired, "Is it an anti-war book?"

"Yes," I said. "I guess."

"You know what I say to people when I hear they're writing anti-war books?"

"No. What *do* you say, Harrison Starr?"

"I say, 'Why don't you write an anti-*glacier* book instead?' "

What he meant, of course, was that there would always be wars, that they were as easy to stop as glaciers. I believe that, too.

* * *

And, even if wars didn't keep coming like glaciers, there would still be plain old death.

* * *

When I was somewhat younger, working on my famous Dresden book, I asked an old war buddy named Bernard V. O'Hare if I could come to see him. He was a district attorney in Pennsylvania. I was a writer on Cape Cod. We had been privates in the war, infantry scouts. We had never expected to make any money after the war, but we were doing quite well.

I had the Bell Telephone Company find him for me. They are wonderful that way. I have this disease late at night sometimes, involving alcohol and the telephone. I get drunk, and I drive my wife away with a breath like mustard gas and roses. And then, speaking gravely and elegantly into the telephone, I ask the telephone operators to connect me with this friend or that one, from whom I have not heard in years.

I got O'Hare on the line in this way. He is short and I am tall. We were Mutt and Jeff in the war. We were captured together in the war. I told him who I was on the telephone. He had no trouble believing it. He was up reading. Everybody else in his house was asleep.

"Listen—" I said, "I'm writing this book about Dresden. I'd like some help remembering stuff. I wonder if I could come down and see you, and we could drink and talk and remember."

He was unenthusiastic. He said he couldn't remember much. He told me, though, to come ahead.

"I think the climax of the book will be the execution of poor old Edgar Derby," I said. "The irony is *so* great. A whole city gets burned down, and thousands and thousands of people are killed. And then this one American foot soldier is arrested in the ruins for taking a teapot. And he's given a regular trial, and then he's shot by a firing squad."

"Um," said O'Hare.

"Don't you think that's really where the climax should come?"

"I don't know anything about it," he said. "That's your trade, not mine."

AS A TRAFFICKER IN CLIMAXES and thrills and characterization and wonderful dialogue and suspense and confrontations, I had outlined the Dresden story many times. The best outline I ever made, or anyway the prettiest one, was on the back of a roll of wallpaper.

I used my daughter's crayons, a different color for each main character. One end of the wallpaper was the beginning of the story, and the other end was the end, and then there was all that middle part, which was the middle. And the blue line met the red line and then the yellow line, and the yellow line

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stopped because the character represented by the yellow line was dead. And so on. The destruction of Dresden was represented by a vertical band of orange cross-hatching, and all the lines that were still alive passed through it, came out the other side.

The end, where all the lines stopped, was a beet field on the Elbe, outside of Halle. The rain was coming down. The war in Europe had been over for a couple of weeks. We were formed in ranks, with Russian soldiers guarding us—Englishmen, Americans, Dutchmen, Belgians, Frenchmen, Canadians, South Africans, New Zealanders, Australians, thousands of us about to stop being prisoners of war.

And on the other side of the field were thousands of Russians and Poles and Yugoslavians and so on guarded by American soldiers. An exchange was made there in the rain—one for one. O'Hare and I climbed into the back of an American truck with a lot of others. O'Hare didn't have any souvenirs. Almost everybody else did. I had a ceremonial *Luftwaffe* saber, still do. The rabid little American I call Paul Lazzaro in this book had about a quart of diamonds and emeralds and rubies and so on. He had taken these from dead people in the cellars of Dresden.

An idiotic Englishman, who had lost all his teeth somewhere, had his souvenir in a canvas bag. The bag was resting on my insteps. He would peek into the bag every now and then, and he would roll his eyes and swivel his scrawny neck, trying to catch people looking covetously at his bag. And he would bounce the bag on my insteps.

I thought this bouncing was accidental, or at any rate best ignored. But I was mistaken. He *had* to show somebody what was in the bag, and he had decided he could trust me. He caught my eye, winked, opened the bag. There was a plaster model of the Eiffel Tower in there. It was painted gold. It had a clock in it.

"There's a smashin' thing," he said.

* * *

And we were flown to a rest camp in France, where we were fed chocolate malted milkshakes and other rich foods until we were all covered with baby fat. Then we were sent home, and I married a pretty girl who was covered with baby fat, too.

And we had babies.

And they're all grown up now, and I'm an old fart with his memories and his Pall Malls. My name is Yon Yonson, I work in Wisconsin, I work in a lumbermill there.

Sometimes I try to call up old girlfriends on the telephone late at night, after my wife has gone to bed. "Operator, I wonder if you could give me the number of a Mrs. So-and-So. I think she lives at such-and-such."

"I'm sorry, sir. There is no such listing."

"Thanks, Operator. Thanks just the same."

And I let the dog out, or I let him in, and we talk some. I let him know I like him, and he lets me know he likes me. He doesn't mind the smell of mustard gas and roses.

"You're all right, Sandy," I'll say to the dog. "You know that, Sandy! You're O.K."

Sometimes I'll turn on the radio and listen to a talk program from Boston or New York. I can't stand recorded music if I've been drinking a good deal.

Sooner or later I go to bed, and my wife asks me what time it is. She always has to know the time. Sometimes I don't know, and I say, "Search *me*."

I think about my education sometimes. I went to the University of Chicago for a while after the Second World War. I was a student in the Department of Anthropology. At that time, they were teaching that there was absolutely no difference between anybody. They may be teaching that still.

Another thing they taught was that nobody was ridiculous or bad or disgusting. Shortly before my father died, he said to me, "You know—you never wrote a story with a villain in it."

I told him that was one of the things I learned in college after the war.

* * *

While I was studying to be an anthropologist, I was also working as a police reporter for the famous Chicago City News Bureau for twenty-eight dollars a week. One time they switched me from the night shift to the day shift, so I worked sixteen hours straight. We were supported by all the newspapers in town, and the AP and the UP and all that. And we would cover the courts and the police stations and the Fire Department and the Coast Guard out on Lake Michigan and all that. We were connected to the institutions that supported us by means of pneumatic tubes under the streets of Chicago.

Reporters would telephone in stories to writers wearing headphones, and the writers would stencil the stories on mimeograph sheets. The stories were mimeographed and stuffed into the brass and velvet cartridges which the pneumatic tubes ate. The very toughest reporters and writers were women who had taken over the jobs of men who'd gone to war.

And the first story I covered I had to dictate over the telephone to one of those beasts. It was about a young veteran who had taken a job running an old-fashioned elevator in an office building. The elevator door on the first floor was ornamental iron lace. Iron ivy snaked in and out of the holes. There was an iron twig with two iron lovebirds on it.

This veteran decided to take his car into the basement, and he closed the door and started down, but his wedding ring was caught in all the ornaments. So he was hoisted into the air and the floor of the car went down, and the top of the car squashed him.

So I phoned this in, and the woman who was going to cut the stencil asked me, "What did his wife say?"

"She doesn't know yet," I said. "It just happened."

"Call her up and get a statement."

"What?"

"Tell her you're Captain Finn of the Police Department. Say you have some sad news. Give her the news, and see what she says."

So I did. She said about what you would expect her to say. There was a baby. And so on.

When I got back to the office, the woman writer asked me, just for her own information, what the squashed guy had looked like when he was squashed.

I told her.

"Did it bother you?" she said. She was eating a Three Musketeers candy bar.

"Heck no, Nancy," I said. "I've seen lots worse than that in the war."

* * *

Even then I was supposedly writing a book about Dresden. It wasn't a famous air-raid back then in America. Not many people knew how much worse it had been than Hiroshima, for instance. I didn't know that. There hadn't been much publicity.

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I happened to tell a University of Chicago professor at a cocktail party for a thing called The Committee on Social Thought about the raid as I had seen it, about the book I would write. And he told me about the concentration camps, and about how the Germans had made soap and candles out of the fat of dead Jews and so on.

All I could say was, "I know, I know. I *know*."

WORLD WAR TWO HAD CERTAINLY made everybody very tough. And I became a public relations man for General Electric in Schenectady, New York, and a volunteer fireman in the village of Alplaus, where I bought my first home. My boss there was one of the toughest guys I ever hope to meet. He had been a lieutenant colonel in public relations in Baltimore. While I was in Schenectady he joined the Dutch Reformed Church, which is a very tough church indeed.

He used to ask me sneeringly sometimes why I hadn't been an officer, as though I'd done something wrong.

My wife and I had lost our baby fat. Those were our scrawny years. We had a lot of scrawny veterans and their scrawny wives for friends. The nicest veterans in Schenectady, I thought, the kindest and funniest ones, the ones who hated war the most, were the ones who'd really fought and fought on the ground.

And I was the one among them who said he was actually going to write a book about the war. That was in 1949 or so. *Eheu, fugaces labuntur anni.*

I wrote the Air Force back then, asking for details about the raid on Dresden, who ordered it, how many planes did it, why they did it, what desirable results there had been and so on. I was answered by a man who, like myself, was in public relations. He said that he was sorry, but that the information was top secret still.

I read the letter out loud to my wife, and I said, "Secret? My God—from *whom?*"

* * *

We were United World Federalists back then. I don't know what we are now. Telephoners, I guess. We telephone a lot—or *I* do, anyway, late at night.

* * *

A couple of weeks after I telephoned my old war buddy, Bernard V. O'Hare, I really *did* go to see him. That must have been in 1964 or so—whatever the last year was for the New York World's Fair. *Eheu, fugaces labuntur anni.* My name is Yon Yonson. There was a young man from Stambul.

I took two little girls with me, my daughter, Nanny, and her best friend, Allison Mitchell. They had never been off Cape Cod before. When we saw a river, we had to stop so they could stand by it and think about it for a while. They had never seen water in that long and narrow, unsalted form before. The river was the Hudson. There were carp in there and we saw them. They were as big as atomic submarines.

We saw waterfalls, too, streams jumping off cliffs into the valley of the Delaware. There were lots of things to stop and see—and then it was time to go, always time to go. The little girls were wearing white party dresses and black party shoes, so strangers would know at once how nice they were. "Time to go, girls," I'd say. And we would go.

And the sun went down, and we had supper in an Italian place, and then I knocked on the front door of the beautiful stone house of Bernard V. O'Hare. I was carrying a bottle of Irish whiskey like a dinner bell.

* * *

I met his nice wife Mary, to whom I dedicate this book. I dedicate it to Gerhard Müller, the Dresden taxi driver, too. Mary O'Hare is a trained nurse, which is a lovely thing for a woman to be.

Mary admired the two little girls I'd brought, mixed them in with her own children, sent them all upstairs to play games and watch television. It was only after the children were gone that I sensed that Mary didn't like me or didn't like *something* about the night. She was polite but chilly to me.

"It's a nice cozy house you have here," I said, and it really was.

"I've fixed up a place where you can talk and not be bothered," she said.

"Good," I said, and I imagined two leather chairs near a fire in a paneled room, where two old soldiers could drink and talk. But she took us into the kitchen. She had put two straight-backed chairs at a kitchen table with a white porcelain top. That table top was screaming with reflected light from a two-hundred-watt bulb overhead. Mary had prepared an operating room. She put only one glass on it, which was for me. She explained that O'Hare couldn't drink the hard stuff since the war.

So we sat down. O'Hare was embarrassed, but he wouldn't tell me what was wrong. I couldn't imagine what it was about me that could burn up Mary so. I was a family man. I'd been married only once. I wasn't a drunk. I hadn't done her husband any dirt in the war.

She fixed herself a Coca-Cola, made a lot of noise banging the ice-cube tray in the stainless steel sink. Then she went into another part of the house. But she wouldn't sit still. She was moving all over the house, opening and shutting doors, even moving furniture around to work off anger.

I asked O'Hare what I'd said or done to make her act that way.

"It's all right," he said. "Don't worry about it. It doesn't have anything to do with you." That was kind of him. He was lying. It had everything to do with me.

So we tried to ignore Mary and remember the war. I took a couple of belts of the booze I'd brought. We would chuckle or grin sometimes, as though war stories were coming back, but neither one of us could remember anything good. O'Hare remembered one guy who got into a lot of wine in Dresden, before it was bombed, and we had to take him home in a wheelbarrow. It wasn't much to write a book about. I remembered two Russian soldiers who had looted a clock factory. They had a horse-drawn wagon full of clocks. They were happy and drunk. They were smoking huge cigarettes they had rolled in newspaper.

That was about *it* for memories, and Mary was still making noise. She finally came out in the kitchen again for another Coke. She took another tray of ice-cubes from the refrigerator, banged it in the sink, even though there was already plenty of ice out.

Then she turned to me, let me see how angry she was, and that the anger was for me. She had been talking to herself, so what she said was a fragment of a much larger conversation. "You were just *babies* then!" she said.

"What?" I said.

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"You were just babies in the war—like the ones upstairs!"

I nodded that this was true. We *had* been foolish virgins in the war, right at the end of childhood.

"But you're not going to write it that way, are you." This wasn't a question. It was an accusation.

"I—I don't know," I said.

"Well, *I* know," she said. "You'll pretend you were men instead of babies, and you'll be played in the movies by Frank Sinatra and John Wayne or some of those other glamorous war-loving, dirty old men. And war will look just wonderful, so we'll have a lot more of them. And they'll be fought by babies like the babies upstairs."

So then I understood: It was war that made her so angry. She didn't want her babies or anybody else's babies killed in wars. And she thought wars were partly encouraged by books and movies.

* * *

So I held up my right hand and I made her a promise: "Mary," I said, "I don't think this book of mine is ever going to be finished. I must have written five thousand pages by now, and thrown them all away. If I ever do finish it, though, I give you my word of honor: there won't be a part for Frank Sinatra or John Wayne.

"I tell you what," I said, "I'll call it *The Children's Crusade*."

She was my friend after that.

* * *

O'Hare and I gave up on remembering, went into the living room, talked about other things. We became curious about the real Children's Crusade, so O'Hare looked it up in a book he had, *Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds*, by Charles Mackay, LL.D. It was first published in London in 1841.

Mackay had a low opinion of *all* Crusades. The Children's Crusade struck him as only slightly more sordid than the ten Crusades for grown-ups. O'Hare read this handsome passage out loud:

"*History in her solemn page informs us that the crusaders were but ignorant and savage men, that their motives were those of bigotry unmitigated, and that their pathway was one of blood and tears. Romance, on the other hand, dilates upon their piety and heroism, and portrays, in her most glorious and impassioned hues, their virtue and magnanimity, the imperishable honor they acquired for themselves, and the great services they rendered to Christianity.*"

And then O'Hare read this: "*Now what was the grand result of all these struggles? Europe expended millions of her treasures, and the blood of two million of her people; and a handful of quarrelsome knights retained possession of Palestine for about one hundred years!*"

Mackay told us that the Children's Crusade started in 1213, when two monks got the idea of raising armies of children in Germany and France, and selling them in North Africa as slaves. Thirty thousand children volunteered, thinking they were going to Palestine. "*They were no doubt idle and deserted children who generally swarm in great cities, nurtured on vice and daring*," said Mackay, "*and ready for anything.*"

Pope Innocent the Third thought they were going to Palestine, too, and he was thrilled. "These children are awake while we are asleep!" he said.

Most of the children were shipped out of Marseilles, and about half of them drowned in shipwrecks. The other half got to North Africa where they were sold.

Through a misunderstanding, some children reported for duty at Genoa, where no slave ships were waiting. They were fed and sheltered and questioned kindly by good people there—then given a little money and a lot of advice and sent back home.

"Hooray for the good people of Genoa," said Mary O'Hare.

* * *

I slept that night in one of the children's bedrooms. O'Hare had put a book for me on the bedside table. It was *Dresden, History, Stage and Gallery*, by Mary Endell. It was published in 1908, and its introduction began:

"*It is hoped that this little book will make itself useful. It attempts to give to an English-reading public a bird's-eye view of how Dresden came to look as it does, architecturally; of how it expanded musically, through the genius of a few men, to its present bloom; and it calls attention to certain permanent landmarks in art that make its Gallery the resort of those seeking lasting impressions.*"

I read some history further on:

"*Now, in 1760, Dresden underwent siege by the Prussians. On the fifteenth of July began the cannonade. The Picture-Gallery took fire. Many of the paintings had been transported to the Königstein, but some were seriously injured by splinters of bombshells—notably Francia's 'Baptism of Christ.' Furthermore, the stately Kreuzkirche tower, from which the enemy's movements had been watched day and night, stood in flames. It later succumbed. In sturdy contrast with the pitiful fate of the Kreuzkirche, stood the Frauenkirche, from the curves of whose stone dome the Prussian bombs rebounded like rain. Friederich was obliged finally to give up the siege, because he learned of the fall of Glatz, the critical point of his new conquests. 'We must be off to Silesia, so that we do not lose everything.'*

"*The devastation of Dresden was boundless. When Goethe as a young student visited the city, he still found sad ruins: 'Von der Kuppel der Frauenkirche sah ich diese leidigen Trümmer zwischen die schöne städtische Ordnung hineingesät; da rühmte mir der Küster die Kunst des Baumeisters, welcher Kirche und Kuppel auf einen so unerwünschten Fall schon eingerichtet und bombenfest erbaut hatte. Der gute Sakristan deutete mir alsdann auf Ruinen nach allen Seiten und sagte bedenklich lakonisch: Das hat der Feind gethan!'*"

* * *

The two little girls and I crossed the Delaware River where George Washington had crossed it, the next morning. We went to the New York World's Fair, saw what the past had been like, according to the Ford Motor Car Company and Walt Disney, saw what the future would be like, according to General Motors.

And I asked myself about the present: how wide it was, how deep it was, how much was mine to keep.

I TAUGHT CREATIVE WRITING in the famous Writers Workshop at the University of Iowa for a couple of years after that. I got into some perfectly beautiful trouble, got out of it again. I taught in the afternoons. In the mornings I wrote. I was not to be disturbed. I was working on my famous book about Dresden.

And somewhere in there a nice man named Seymour Lawrence gave me a three-book contract, and I said, "O.K., the first of the three will be my famous book about Dresden."

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The friends of Seymour Lawrence call him "Sam." And I say to Sam now: "Sam—here's the fucking book."

* * *

It is so short and jumbled and jangled, Sam, because there is nothing intelligent to say about a massacre. Everybody is supposed to be dead, to never say anything or want anything ever again. Everything is supposed to be very quiet after a massacre, and it always is, except for the birds.

And what do the birds say? All there is to say about a massacre, things like, "*Poo-tee-weet?*"

* * *

I have told my sons that they are not under any circumstances to take part in massacres, and that the news of massacres of enemies is not to fill them with satisfaction or glee.

* * *

I have also told them not to work for companies which make massacre machinery, and to express contempt for people who think we need machinery like that.

* * *

As I've said: I recently went back to Dresden with my friend O'Hare. We had a million laughs in Hamburg and West Berlin and East Berlin and Vienna and Salzburg and Helsinki, and in Leningrad, too. It was very good for me, because I saw a lot of authentic backgrounds for made-up stories which I will write later on. One of them will be "Russian Baroque" and another will be "No Kissing" and another will be "Dollar Bar" and another will be "If the Accident Will," and so on.

And so on.

* * *

There was a Lufthansa plane that was supposed to fly from Philadelphia to Boston to Frankfurt. O'Hare was supposed to get on in Philadelphia and I was supposed to get on in Boston, and off we'd go. But Boston was socked in, so the plane flew straight to Frankfurt from Philadelphia. And I became a non-person in the Boston fog, and Lufthansa put me in a limousine with some other non-persons and sent us to a motel for a non-night.

The time would not pass. Somebody was playing with the clocks, and not only with the electric clocks, but the wind-up kind, too. The second hand on my watch would twitch once, and a year would pass, and then it would twitch again.

There was nothing I could do about it. As an Earthling, I had to believe whatever clocks said—and calendars.

* * *

I had two books with me, which I'd meant to read on the plane. One was *Words for the Wind*, by Theodore Roethke, and this is what I found in there:

I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.
I feel my fate in what I cannot fear.
I learn by going where I have to go.

* * *

My other book was Erika Ostrovsky's *Celine and His Vision*. Celine was a brave soldier in the First World War—until his skull was cracked. After that he couldn't sleep, and there were noises in his head. He became a doctor, and he treated poor people in the daytime, and he wrote grotesque novels all night. "*No art is possible without a dance with death,*" he wrote. "*The truth is death,*" he wrote. "*I've fought nicely against it as long as I could . . . danced with it, festooned it, waltzed it around . . . decorated it with streamers, titillated it. . . .*"

Time obsessed him. Miss Ostrovsky reminded me of the amazing scene in *Death on the Installment Plan* where Celine wants to stop the bustling of a street crowd. He screams on paper, "*Make them stop . . . don't let them move anymore at all. . . . There, make them freeze . . . once and for all! . . . So that they won't disappear anymore!*"

* * *

I looked through the Gideon Bible in my motel room for tales of great destruction. "*The sun was risen upon the Earth when Lot entered into Zo-ar,*" I read. "*Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of Heaven; and He overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground.*"

So it goes.

Those were vile people in both those cities, as is well-known. The world was better off without them.

And Lot's wife, of course, was told not to look back where all those people and their homes had been. But she *did* look back, and I love her for that, because it was so human.

So she was turned to a pillar of salt.

* * *

People aren't supposed to look back. I'm certainly not going to do it any more.

I've finished my fucking war book now. The next one I write is going to be fun.

This one is a failure, and had to be, since it was written by a pillar of salt. It begins like this:

"*Listen:*

"*Billy Pilgrim has come unstuck in time.*"

It ends like this:

"*Poo-tee-weet?*"

[Chapter Two]

LISTEN:

Billy Pilgrim has come unstuck in time.

Billy has gone to sleep a senile widower and awakened on his wedding day. He has walked through a door in 1955 and come out another one in 1941. He has gone back through that door to find himself in 1963. He has seen his birth and death many times, he says, and pays random visits to all the events in between.

He says.

Billy is spastic in time, has no control over where he is going next, and the trips aren't necessarily fun. He is in a constant state of stage fright, he says, because he never knows what part in his life he is going to have to act in next.

* * *

Billy was born in 1922 in Ilium, New York, the only child of a barber there. He was a funny-looking child who became a funny-looking youth—tall and weak, and shaped like a bottle of Coca-Cola. He graduated from Ilium High School in the upper third of his class, and attended night sessions at the Ilium School of Optometry for one semester before being drafted for military service in the Second World War. His father died in a hunting accident during the war. So it goes.

Billy saw service with the infantry in Europe, and was taken prisoner by the Germans. After his honorable discharge from the Army in 1945, Billy again enrolled in the Ilium School of Optometry. During his senior year there, he became engaged

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to the daughter of the founder and owner of the school, and then suffered a mild nervous collapse.

* * *

He was treated in a Veteran's Hospital near Lake Placid, and was given shock treatments and released. He married his fiancee, finished his education, and was set up in business in Ilium by his father-in-law. Ilium is a particularly good city for optometrists because the General Forge and Foundry Company is there. Every employee is required to own a pair of safety glasses, and to wear them in areas where manufacturing is going on. GF&F has sixty-eight thousand employees in Ilium. That calls for a lot of lenses and a lot of frames.

Frames are where the money is.

* * *

Billy became rich. He had two children, Barbara and Robert. In time, his daughter Barbara married another optometrist, and Billy set him up in business. Billy's son Robert had a lot of trouble in high school, but then he joined the famous Green Berets. He straightened out, became a fine young man, and he fought in Vietnam.

Early in 1968, a group of optometrists, with Billy among them, chartered an airplane to fly them from Ilium to an international convention of optometrists in Montreal. The plane crashed on top of Sugarbush Mountain, in Vermont. Everybody was killed but Billy. So it goes.

While Billy was recuperating in a hospital in Vermont, his wife died accidentally of carbon-monoxide poisoning. So it goes.

* * *

When Billy finally got home to Ilium after the airplane crash, he was quiet for a while. He had a terrible scar across the top of his skull. He didn't resume practice. He had a housekeeper. His daughter came over almost every day.

And then, without any warning, Billy went to New York City, and got on an all-night radio program devoted to talk. He told about having come unstuck in time. He said, too, that he had been kidnapped by a flying saucer in 1967. The saucer was from the planet Tralfamadore, he said. He was taken to Tralfamadore, where he was displayed naked in a zoo, he said. He was mated there with a former Earthling movie star, Montana Wildhack.

* * *

Some night owls in Ilium heard Billy on the radio, and one of them called Billy's daughter Barbara. Barbara was upset. She and her husband went down to New York and brought Billy home. Billy insisted mildly that everything he had said on the radio was true. He said he had been kidnapped by the Tralfamadorians on the night of his daughter's wedding. He hadn't been missed, he said, because the Tralfamadorians had taken him through a time warp, so that he could be on Tralfamadore for years, and still be away from Earth for only a microsecond.

Another month went by without incident, and then Billy wrote a letter to the Ilium News Leader, which the paper published. It described the creatures from Tralfamadore.

The letter said that they were two feet high, and green, and shaped like plumbers' friends. Their suction cups were on the ground, and their shafts, which were extremely flexible, usually pointed to the sky. At the top of each shaft was a little hand with a green eye in its palm. The creatures were friendly, and they could see in four dimensions. They pitied Earthlings for being able to see only three. They had many wonderful things to teach Earthlings, especially about time. Billy promised to tell what some of those wonderful things were in his next letter.

* * *

Billy was working on his second letter when the first letter was published. The second letter started out like this:

"The most important thing I learned on Tralfamadore was that when a person dies he only *appears* to die. He is still very much alive in the past, so it is very silly for people to cry at his funeral. All moments, past, present, and future, always have existed, always will exist. The Tralfamadorians can look at all the different moments just the way we can look at a stretch of the Rocky Mountains, for instance. They can see how permanent all the moments are, and they can look at any moment that interests them. It is just an illusion we have here on Earth that one moment follows another one, like beads on a string, and that once a moment is gone it is gone forever.

"When a Tralfamadorian sees a corpse, all he thinks is that the dead person is in bad condition in that particular moment, but that the same person is just fine in plenty of other moments. Now, when I myself hear that somebody is dead, I simply shrug and say what the Tralfamadorians say about dead people, which is 'So it goes.' "

* * *

And so on.

Billy was working on this letter in the basement rumpus room of his empty house. It was his housekeeper's day off. There was an old typewriter in the rumpus room. It was a beast. It weighed as much as a storage battery. Billy couldn't carry it very far very easily, which was why he was writing in the rumpus room instead of somewhere else.

The oil-burner had quit. A mouse had eaten through the insulation of a wire leading to the thermostat. The temperature in the house was down to fifty degrees, but Billy hadn't noticed. He wasn't warmly dressed, either. He was barefoot, and still in his pajamas and a bathrobe, though it was late afternoon. His bare feet were blue and ivory.

The cockles of Billy's heart, at any rate, were glowing coals. What made them so hot was Billy's belief that he was going to comfort so many people with the truth about time. His doorchimes upstairs had been ringing and ringing. It was his daughter Barbara up there, wanting in. Now she let herself in with a key, crossed the floor over his head, calling, "Father? Daddy, where are you?" And so on.

Billy didn't answer her, so she was nearly hysterical, expecting to find his corpse. And then she looked into the very last place there *was* to look—which was the rumpus room.

* * *

"Why didn't you answer me when I called?" Barbara wanted to know, standing there in the door of the rumpus room. She had the afternoon paper with her, the one in which Billy described his friends from Tralfamadore.

"I didn't *hear* you," said Billy.

The orchestration of the moment was this: Barbara was only twenty-one years old, but she thought her father was senile, even though he was only forty-six—because of damage to his brain in the airplane crash. She also thought that she was head of the family, since she had had to manage her mother's funeral, since she had to get a housekeeper for Billy, and all that. Also: Barbara and her husband were having to look after Billy's business interests, which were considerable, since Billy didn't seem to give a damn for business any more.

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All this responsibility at such an early age made her a bitchy flibbertigibbet. And Billy, meanwhile, was trying to hang onto his dignity, to persuade Barbara and everybody else that he was far from senile, that, on the contrary, he was devoting himself to a calling much higher than mere business.

He was doing nothing less now, he thought, than prescribing corrective lenses for Earthling souls. So many of those souls were lost and wretched, Billy believed, because they could not see as well as his little green friends on Tralfamadore.

* * *

"Don't lie to me, Father," said Barbara. "I know perfectly well you heard me when I called." This was a fairly pretty girl, except that she had legs like an Edwardian grand piano. Now she raised hell with him about the letter in the paper. She said he was making a laughing stock of himself and everybody associated with him.

"Father, Father, Father—" said Barbara, "what are we going to *do* with you? Are you going to force us to put you where your mother is?" Billy's mother was still alive. She was in bed in an old people's home called Pine Knoll on the edge of Ilium.

"What is it about my letter that makes you so mad?" Billy wanted to know.

"It's all just crazy. None of it's true!"

"It's all true." Billy's anger was not going to rise with hers. He never got mad at anything. He was wonderful that way.

"There is no such planet as Tralfamadore."

"It can't be detected from Earth, if that's what you mean," said Billy. "Earth can't be detected from Tralfamadore, as far as that goes. They're both very small. They're very far apart."

"Where did you get a crazy name like *Tralfamadore?*"

"That's what the creatures who live there *call* it."

"Oh God," said Barbara, and she turned her back on him. She celebrated frustration by clapping her hands. "May I ask you a simple question?"

"Of course."

"Why is it you never mentioned any of this before the airplane crash?"

"I didn't think the time was *ripe*."

AND SO ON. BILLY SAYS that he first came unstuck in time in 1944, long before his trip to Tralfamadore. The Tralfamadorians didn't have anything to do with his coming unstuck. They were simply able to give him insights into what was really going on.

Billy first came unstuck while World War Two was in progress. Billy was a chaplain's assistant in the war. A chaplain's assistant is customarily a figure of fun in the American Army. Billy was no exception. He was powerless to harm the enemy or to help his friends. In fact, he had no friends. He was a valet to a preacher, expected no promotions or medals, bore no arms, and had a meek faith in a loving Jesus which most soldiers found putrid.

While on maneuvers in South Carolina, Billy played hymns he knew from childhood, played them on a little black organ which was waterproof. It had thirty-nine keys and two stops—*vox humana* and *vox celeste*. Billy also had charge of a portable altar, an olive-drab attache case with telescoping legs. It was lined with crimson plush, and nestled in that passionate plush were an anodized aluminum cross and a Bible.

The altar and the organ were made by a vacuum-cleaner company in Camden, New Jersey—and said so.

* * *

One time on maneuvers Billy was playing *A Mighty Fortress is Our God*, with music by Johann Sebastian Bach and words by Martin Luther. It was Sunday morning. Billy and his chaplain had gathered a congregation of about fifty soldiers on a Carolina hillside. An umpire appeared. There were umpires everywhere, men who said who was winning or losing the theoretical battle, who was alive and who was dead.

The umpire had comical news. The congregation had been theoretically spotted from the air by a theoretical enemy. They were all theoretically dead now. The theoretical corpses laughed and ate a hearty noon-time meal.

Remembering this incident years later, Billy was struck by what a Tralfamadorian adventure with death that had been, to be dead and to eat at the same time.

Toward the end of maneuvers, Billy was given an emergency furlough home because his father, a barber in Ilium, New York, was shot dead by a friend while they were out hunting deer. So it goes.

* * *

When Billy got back from his furlough, there were orders for him to go overseas. He was needed in the headquarters company of an infantry regiment fighting in Luxemburg. Their chaplain's assistant had been killed in action. So it goes.

When Billy joined the regiment, it was in the process of being destroyed by the Germans in the famous "Battle of the Bulge." Billy never even got to meet the chaplain he was supposed to assist, was never even issued a steel helmet and combat boots. This was in December of 1944, during the last mighty German attack of the war.

Billy survived, but he was a dazed wanderer far behind the new German lines. Three other wanderers, not quite so dazed, allowed Billy to tag along. Two of them were scouts, and one was an anti-tank gunner. They were without food or maps. Avoiding Germans, they were delivering themselves into rural silences ever more profound. They ate snow.

They went Indian-file. First came the scouts, clever, graceful, quiet. They had rifles. Next came the anti-tank gunner, clumsy and dense, warning Germans away with a Colt .45 automatic in one hand and a trenchknife in the other.

Last came Billy Pilgrim, empty-handed, bleakly ready for death. Billy was preposterous—six feet and three inches tall, with a chest and shoulders like a box of kitchen matches. He had no helmet, no overcoat, no weapon, and no boots. On his feet were cheap, low-cut civilian shoes which he had bought for his father's funeral. Billy had lost a heel, which made him bob up and down, up and down. The involuntary dancing, up and down, up and down, made his hip joints sore.

Billy was wearing a thin field jacket, a shirt and trousers of scratchy wool, and long underwear that was soaked with sweat. He was the only one of the four who had a beard. It was a random, bristly beard, and some of the bristles were white, even though Billy was only twenty-one years old. He was also going bald. Wind and cold and violent exercise had turned his face crimson.

He didn't look like a soldier at all. He looked like a filthy flamingo.

* * *

And on the third day of wandering, somebody shot at the

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four from far away—shot four times as they crossed a narrow brick road. One shot was for the scouts. The next one was for the anti-tank gunner, whose name was Roland Weary.

The third bullet was for the filthy flamingo, who stopped dead-center in the road when the lethal bee buzzed past his ear. Billy stood there politely, giving the marksman another chance. It was his addled understanding of the rules of warfare that the marksman *should* be given a second chance. The next shot missed Billy's kneecaps by inches, going end-of-end, from the sound of it.

Roland Weary and the scouts were safe in a ditch, and Weary growled at Billy, "Get out of the road, you dumb motherfucker." The last word was still a novelty in the speech of white people in 1944. It was fresh and astonishing to Billy, who had never fucked anybody—and it did its job. It woke him up and got him off the road.

* * *

"Saved your life again, you dumb bastard," Weary said to Billy in the ditch. He had been saving Billy's life for days, cursing him, kicking him, slapping him, making him move. It was absolutely necessary that cruelty be used, because Billy wouldn't do anything to save himself. Billy wanted to quit. He was cold, hungry, embarrassed, incompetent. He could scarcely distinguish between sleep and wakefulness now, on the third day, found no important differences, either, between walking and standing still.

He wished everybody would leave him alone. "You guys go on without me," he said again and again.

* * *

Weary was as new to war as Billy. He was a replacement, too. As a part of a gun crew, he had helped to fire one shot in anger—from a 57-millimeter anti-tank gun. The gun made a ripping sound like the opening of the zipper on the fly of God Almighty. The gun lapped up snow and vegetation with a blowtorch thirty feet long. The flame left a black arrow on the ground, showing the Germans exactly where the gun was hidden. The shot was a miss.

What had been missed was a Tiger tank. It swiveled its 88-millimeter snout around sniffingly, saw the arrow on the ground. It fired. It killed everybody on the gun crew but Weary. So it goes.

ROLAND WEARY WAS ONLY eighteen, was at the end of an unhappy childhood spent mostly in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He had been unpopular in Pittsburgh. He had been unpopular because he was stupid and fat and mean, and smelled like bacon no matter how much he washed. He was always being ditched in Pittsburgh by people who did not want him with them.

It made Weary sick to be ditched. When Weary was ditched, he would find somebody who was even more unpopular than himself, and he would horse around with that person for a while, pretending to be friendly. And then he would find some pretext for beating the shit out of him.

It was a pattern. It was a crazy, sexy, murderous relationship Weary entered into with people he eventually beat up. He told them about his father's collection of guns and swords and torture instruments and leg-irons and so on. Weary's father, who was a plumber, actually did collect such things, and his collection was insured for four thousand dollars. He wasn't alone. He belonged to a big club composed of people who collected things like that.

Weary's father once gave Weary's mother a Spanish thumbscrew in working condition—for a kitchen paperweight. Another time he gave her a table lamp whose base was a model one foot high of the famous "Iron Maiden of Nuremburg." The real Iron Maiden was a medieval torture instrument, a sort of boiler which was shaped like a woman on the outside—and lined with spikes. The front of the woman was composed of two hinged doors. The idea was to put a criminal inside and then close the doors slowly. There were two special spikes where his eyes would be. There was a drain in the bottom to let out all the blood.

So it goes.

* * *

Weary had told Billy Pilgrim about the Iron Maiden, about the drain in her bottom—and what that was for. He had talked to Billy about dum-dums. He told him about his father's Derringer pistol, which could be carried in a vest pocket, which was yet capable of making a hole in a man "which a bull-bat could fly through without touching either wing."

Weary scornfully bet Billy one time that he didn't even know what a blood gutter was. Billy guessed that it was the drain in the bottom of the Iron Maiden, but that was wrong. A blood gutter, Billy learned, was the shallow groove in the side of the blade of a sword or bayonet.

Weary told Billy about neat tortures he'd read about or seen in the movies or heard on the radio—about other neat tortures he himself had invented. One of the inventions was sticking a dentist's drill into a guy's ear. He asked Billy what he thought the worst form of execution was. Billy had no opinion. The correct answer turned out to be this: "You stake a guy out on an ant-hill in the desert—see? He's facing upward, and you put honey all over his balls and pecker, and you cut off his eyelids so he has to stare at the sun till he dies." So it goes.

* * *

Now, lying in the ditch with Billy and the scouts after having been shot at, Weary made Billy take a very close look at his trenchknife. It wasn't government-issue. It was a present from his father. It had a ten-inch blade that was triangular in cross-section. Its grip consisted of brass knuckles, was a chain of rings through which Weary slipped his stubby fingers. The rings weren't simple. They bristled with spikes.

Weary laid the spikes along Billy's cheek, rowelled the cheek with savagely affectionate restraint. "How'd you like to be hit with this—hm? Hmmmmmmmmm?" he wanted to know.

"I wouldn't," said Billy.

"Know why the blade's triangular?"

"No."

"Makes a wound that won't close up."

"Oh."

"Makes a three-sided hole in a guy. You stick an ordinary knife in a guy—makes a slit. Right? A slit closes right up. Right?"

"Right."

"Shit. What do you know? What the hell they teach in college?"

"I wasn't there very long," said Billy, which was true. He had had only six months of college, and the college hadn't been a regular college, either. It had been the night school of the Ilium School of Optometry.

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"Joe College," said Weary scathingly.

Billy shrugged.

"There's more to life than what you read in books," said Weary. "You'll find that out."

Billy made no reply to this, either, there in the ditch, since he didn't want the conversation to go on any longer than necessary. He was dimly tempted to say, though, that he knew a thing or two about gore. Billy, after all, had contemplated torture and hideous wounds at the beginning and the end of nearly every day of his childhood. Billy had an extremely gruesome crucifix hanging on the wall of his little bedroom in Ilium. A military surgeon would have admired the clinical fidelity of the artist's rendition of all Christ's wounds—the spear wound, the thorn wounds, the holes that were made by the iron spikes. Billy's Christ died horribly. He was pitiful.

So it goes.

* * *

Billy wasn't a Catholic, even though he grew up with a ghastly crucifix on the wall. His father had no religion. His mother was a substitute organist for several churches around town. She took Billy with her whenever she played, taught him to play a little, too. She said she was going to join a church as soon as she decided which one was right.

She never *did* decide. She did develop a terrific hankering for a crucifix, though. And she bought one from a Santa Fe gift shop during a trip the little family made out West during the Great Depression. Like so many Americans, she was trying to construct a life that made sense from things she found in gift shops.

And the crucifix went up on the wall of Billy Pilgrim.

THE TWO SCOUTS, LOVING the walnut stocks of their rifles in the ditch, whispered that it was time to move out again. Ten minutes had gone by without anybody's coming to see if they were hit or not, to finish them off. Whoever had shot was evidently far away and all alone.

And the four crawled out of the ditch without drawing any more fire. They crawled into a forest like the big, unlucky mammals they were. Then they stood up and began to walk quickly. The forest was dark and old. The pines were planted in ranks and files. There was no undergrowth. Four inches of unmarked snow blanketed the ground. The Americans had no choice but to leave trails in the snow as unambiguous as diagrams in a book on ballroom dancing—*step, slide, rest—step, slide, rest.*

* * *

"Close it up and keep it closed!" Roland Weary warned Billy Pilgrim as they moved out. Weary looked like Tweedledum or Tweedledee, all bundled up for battle. He was short and thick.

He had every piece of equipment he had ever been issued, every present he'd received from home: helmet, helmet-liner, wool cap, scarf, gloves, cotton undershirt, woolen undershirt, wool shirt, sweater, blouse, jacket, overcoat, cotton underpants, woolen underpants, woolen trousers, cotton socks, woolen socks, combat boots, gas-mask, canteen, mess kit, first-aid kit, trenchknife, blanket, shelter-half, raincoat, bullet-proof Bible, a pamphlet entitled *Know Your Enemy*, another pamphlet entitled *Why We Fight*, and another pamphlet of German phrases rendered in English phonetics, which would enable Weary to ask Germans questions such as "Where is your headquarters?" and "How many howitzers have you?" or to tell them, "Surrender. Your situation is hopeless," and so on.

Weary had a block of balsa wood which was supposed to be a foxhole pillow. He had a prophylactic kit containing two tough condoms "For the Prevention of Disease Only!" He had a whistle he wasn't going to show anybody until he got promoted to corporal. He had a dirty picture of a woman attempting sexual intercourse with a Shetland pony. He had made Billy Pilgrim admire that picture several times.

* * *

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Grand Rapids, Michigan

The woman and the pony were posed before velvet draperies which were fringed with deedlee-balls. They were flanked by Doric columns. In front of one column was a potted palm. The picture that Weary had was a print of the first dirty photograph in history. The word *photograph* was first used in 1839, and it was in that year, too, that Louis J. M. Daguerre revealed to the French Academy that an image formed on a silvered metal plate covered with a thin film of silver iodide could be developed in the presence of mercury vapor.

In 1841, only two years later, an assistant to Daguerre, Andre Le Fevre, was arrested in the Tuileries Gardens for attempting to sell a gentleman a picture of the woman and the pony. That was where Weary bought his picture, too—in the Tuileries. Le Fevre argued that the picture was fine art, and that his intention was to make Greek mythology come alive. He said the columns and the potted palm proved that.

When asked which myth he meant to represent, Le Fevre replied that there were thousands of myths like that, with the woman a mortal and the pony a god.

He was sentenced to six months in prison. He died there of pneumonia. So it goes.

* * *

Billy and the scouts were skinny people. Roland Weary had fat to burn. He was a roaring furnace under all his layers of wool and straps and canvas. He had so much energy that he bustled back and forth between Billy and the scouts, delivering dumb messages which nobody had sent and which nobody was pleased to receive. He also began to suspect, since he was so much busier than anybody else, that he was the leader.

He was so hot and bundled up, in fact, that he had no sense of danger. His vision of the outside world was limited to what he could see through a narrow slit between the rim of his helmet and his scarf from home, which concealed his baby face from the bridge of his nose on down. He was so snug in there that he was able to pretend that he was safe at home, having survived the war, and that he was telling his parents and his sister a true war story—whereas the true war story was still going on.

Weary's version of the true war story went like this: There was a big German attack, and Weary and his anti-tank buddies fought like hell until everybody was killed but Weary. So it goes. And then Weary tied in with two scouts, and they became close friends immediately, and they decided to fight their way back to their own lines. They were going to travel fast. They were damned if they'd surrender. They shook hands all around. They called themselves "The Three Musketeers."

But then this damn college kid, who was so weak he shouldn't even have been in the Army, asked if he could come along. He didn't even have a gun or a knife. He didn't even have a helmet or a cap. He couldn't even walk right—kept bobbing up and down, up and down, driving everybody crazy, giving their position away. He was pitiful. The Three Musketeers pushed and carried and dragged the college kid all the way back to their own lines, Weary's story went. They saved his God damned hide for him.

In real life, Weary was retracing his steps, trying to find out what had happened to Billy. He had told the scouts to wait while he went back for the college bastard. He passed under a low branch now. It hit the top of his helmet with a *clonk*. Weary didn't hear it. Somewhere a big dog was barking. Weary didn't hear that, either. His war story was at a very exciting point. An officer was congratulating The Three Musketeers, telling them that he was going to put them in for Bronze Stars.

"Anything else I can do for you boys?" said the officer.

"Yes, sir," said one of the scouts. "We'd like to stick together for the rest of the war, sir. Is there some way you can fix it so nobody will ever break up The Three Musketeers?"

BILLY PILGRIM HAD STOPPED in the forest. He was leaning against a tree with his eyes closed. His head was tilted back and his nostrils were flaring.

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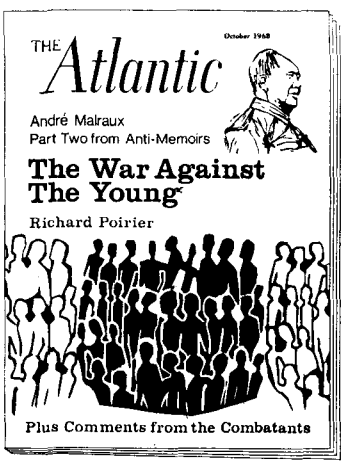

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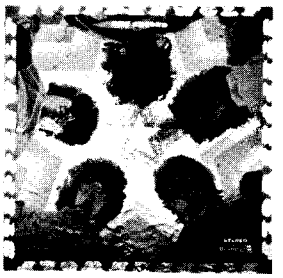

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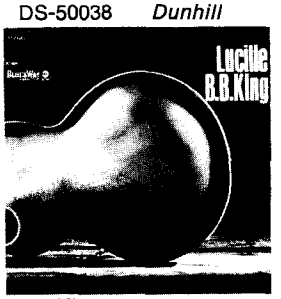

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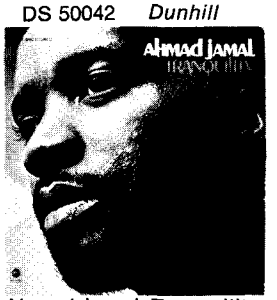

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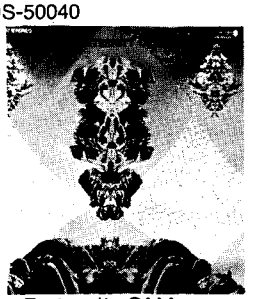

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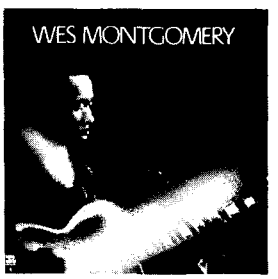

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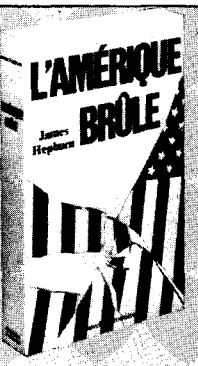

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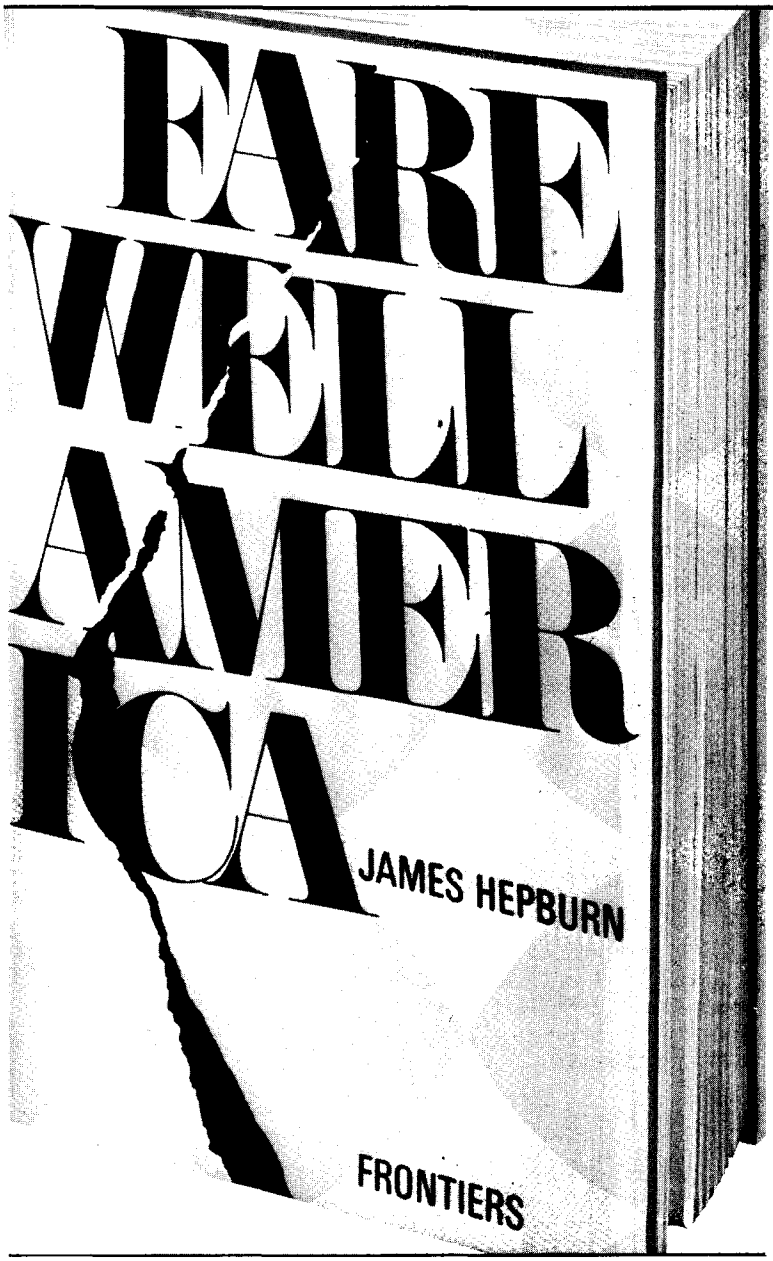

Farewell America

is first of all a specific accusation against the real assassins of the Kennedys.

Farewell America

is also a revelation of the political, social and economic forces which will always try to prevent men of the stamp of John and Robert Kennedy from leading, or even from living.

Farewell America

is most of all a cry of hope, a certitude that a free, proud and generous nation will be rebuilt by the youth of the Seventies.

CHAPTER 1

THE MAN OF NOVEMBER 5

The election of the new Prince of the Universe should have had profound and far-reaching consequences for the future of the American people and for the life, liberty and happiness of Mankind. But in the summer of 1968, the legitimate representatives of the Republican and Democratic Parties decided to pick their candidates for 37th President of the United States from among the merchandise on sale in the bargain basement.

In the decades and in the history books to come, 1968 will be remembered as the year the lights flickered out, as a year of frustrations, regressions and shattered myths.

These reversions to the past, Prague, the Vatican, Chicago, are the manifestations of political and economic forces seeking desperately to preserve situations of which they have long since lost control.

But the twilight descending upon the United States will have the gravest consequences of all, for it is America that sets the pace of the world, and often dictates its choices.

As the Sixties draw to a close, the peoples of the earth, left to themselves without gods and without leaders, are awaiting new decisions. The Man of November 5, by refusing these choices, will leave the problems unsolved.

Two Americans, John and Robert Kennedy, had the courage to meet these problems head on and break down the doors to the future. They were stopped by the frightened accomplices of the traditions on which they infringed.

When John Fitzgerald Kennedy's head exploded, it was for some the signal for toasts. One November morning the cannon boomed, the Panama Canal was closed, flags everywhere flew at half-mast, and it is said that even Andrei Gromyko wept. Adlai Stevenson declared that he would bear the sorrow of his death till the day of his own, and the Special Forces added a black band to their green berets.

Almost five years passed, and another bullet shattered the brain and stopped the heart of another Kennedy who had taken up the fight.

There was another funeral. Once again the Green Berets formed the Honor Guard; once again the Stars and Stripes flew at half-mast. One evening in June, Robert Kennedy joined his brother beneath the hill at Arlington, and those passing by can bring them flowers.

For some Americans, "Happy Days are Here Again." But the scores have not been settled.

Who killed them?
And why?

This book sets out to answer these questions. But beyond the facts and the outcries, behind the assassins and their motives, other culprits appear. The responsibility of American civilization is no longer in doubt.

Europe sometimes speaks of taking up the American challenge. But do the force of arms, the excesses of an economy and the abuses of a political system constitute an adequate example?

Washington, Lincoln and the Kennedys gone, never in two centuries have the virtues and hopes on which the young Republic was founded been so gravely endangered as they are today.

By their meditations, by their decisions, by their rebellion, the citizens of the United States will bring about their Renaissance.

We dedicate this book to the youth of the Seventies. Only they will know how to face the crises that lie ahead. May they find in these pages the strength to defy the redoubtable old men and revive the forgotten glories.

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He was like a poet in the Parthenon.

This was when Billy first came unstuck in time. His attention began to swing grandly through the full arc of his life, passing into death, which was violet light. There wasn't anybody else there, or anything. There was just violet light—and a hum.

And then Billy swung into life again, going backwards until he was in pre-birth, which was red light and bubbling sounds. And then he swung into life again and stopped. He was a little boy taking a shower with his hairy father at the Ilium YMCA. He smelled chlorine from the swimming pool next door, heard the springboard boom.

Little Billy was terrified, because his father had said he was going to learn to swim by the method of sink-or-swim. His father was going to throw Billy into the deep end, and Billy was going to damn well swim.

It was like an execution. Billy was numb as his father carried him from the shower room to the pool. His eyes were closed. When he opened his eyes, he was on the bottom of the pool, and there was beautiful music everywhere. He lost consciousness, but the music went on. He dimly sensed that somebody was rescuing him. Billy resented that.

* * *

From there he traveled in time to 1965. He was forty-one years old, and he was visiting his decrepit mother at Pine Knoll, an old people's home he had put her in only a month before. She had caught pneumonia, and wasn't expected to live. She did live, though, for years after that.

Her voice was nearly gone, so, in order to hear her, Billy had to put his ear right next to her papery lips. She evidently had something very important to say.

"How . . .?" she began, and she stopped. She was too tired. She hoped that she wouldn't have to say the rest of the sentence, that Billy would finish it for her.

But Billy had no idea what was on her mind. "How *what*, Mother?" he prompted.

She swallowed hard, shed some tears. Then she gathered energy from all over her ruined body, even from her toes and fingertips. At last she had accumulated enough to whisper this complete sentence:

"How did I get so *old?*"

* * *

Billy's antique mother passed out, and Billy was led from the room by a pretty nurse. The body of an old man covered by a sheet was wheeled by just as Billy entered the corridor. The man had been a famous marathon runner in his day. So it goes. This was before Billy had his head broken in an airplane crash, by the way—before he became so vocal about flying saucers and traveling in time.

Billy sat down in a waiting room. He wasn't a widower yet. He sensed something hard under the cushion of his overstuffed chair. He dug it out, discovered that it was a book, *The Execution of Private Slovik*, by William Bradford Huie. It was a true account of the death before an American firing squad of Private Eddie D. Slovik, 36896415, the only American soldier to be shot for cowardice since the Civil War. So it goes.

Billy read the opinion of a Staff Judge Advocate who reviewed Slovik's case, which ended like this: "*He has directly challenged the authority of the government, and future discipline depends upon a resolute reply to this challenge. If the death penalty is ever to be imposed for desertion, it should be imposed in this case, not as a punitive measure nor as retribution, but to maintain that discipline upon which alone an army can succeed against the enemy. There was no recommendation for clemency in the case and none is here recommended.*" So it goes.

* * *

Billy blinked in 1965, traveled in time to 1958. He was at a banquet in honor of a Little League team of which his son Robert was a member. The coach, who had never been married, was speaking. He was all choked up. "Honest to God," he was saying, "I'd consider it an honor just to be *water* boy for these kids."

* * *

Billy blinked in 1958, traveled in time to 1961. It was New Year's Eve, and Billy was disgracefully drunk at a party where everybody was in optometry, or married to an optometrist.

Billy usually didn't drink much, because the war had ruined his stomach, but he certainly had a snootful now, and he was being unfaithful to his wife Valencia for the first and only time. He had somehow persuaded a woman to come into the laundry room of the house, and then sit on the gas dryer, which was running.

The woman was very drunk herself, and she helped Billy get her girdle off. "What was it you wanted to talk about?" she said.

"It's all right," said Billy. He honestly thought it was all right. He couldn't remember the name of the woman.

"How come they call you Billy instead of William?"

"Business reasons," said Billy. That was true. His father-in-law, who owned the Ilium School of Optometry, and had set Billy up in practice, was a genius in his field. He told Billy to encourage people to call him Billy—because it would stick in their memories. It would also make him seem slightly magic, since there weren't any other grown Billys around. It also compelled people to think of him as a friend right away.

* * *

Somewhere in there was an awful scene,

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with people expressing disgust for Billy and the woman, and Billy found himself out in his automobile, trying to find the steering wheel.

The main thing now was to find the steering wheel. At first, Billy windmilled his arms, hoping to find it by luck. When that didn't work, he became methodical, working in such a way that the wheel could not possibly escape him. He placed himself hard against the left-hand door, searched every square inch of the area before him. When he failed to find the wheel, he moved over six inches, and searched again. Amazingly, he was eventually hard against the right-hand door, without having found the wheel. He concluded that somebody had stolen it. This angered him as he passed out.

He was in the back seat of his car, which was why he couldn't find the steering wheel.

NOW SOMEBODY WAS SHAKING Billy awake. Billy still felt drunk, was still angered by the stolen steering wheel. He was back in World War Two again, behind the German lines. The person who was shaking him was Roland Weary. Weary had gathered the front of Billy's field jacket into his hands. He banged Billy against a tree, then pulled him away from it, flung him in the direction he was supposed to take under his own power.

Billy stopped, shook his head. "You go on," he said.

"What?"

"You guys go on without me. I'm all right."

"You're what?"

"I'm O.K."

"Jesus—I'd hate to see somebody *sick*," said Weary, through five layers of humid scarf from home. Billy had never seen Weary's face. He had tried to imagine it one time, had imaged a toad in a fishbowl.

Weary kicked and shoved Billy for a quarter of a mile. The scouts were waiting between the banks of a frozen creek. They had heard the dog. They had heard men calling back and forth, too—calling like hunters who had a pretty good idea of where their quarry was.

The banks of the creek were high enough to allow the scouts to stand without being seen. Billy staggered down the bank ridiculously. After him came Weary, clanking and clinking and tinkling and hot.

"Here he is, boys," said Weary. "He don't want to live, but he's gonna live anyway. When he gets out of this, by God, he's gonna owe his life to The Three Musketeers." This was the first the scouts had heard that Weary thought of himself and them as The Three Musketeers.

Billy Pilgrim, there in the creekbed, thought he, Billy Pilgrim, was turning to steam painlessly. If everybody would leave him alone for just a little while, he thought,

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he wouldn't cause anybody any more trouble. He would turn to steam and float up among the treetops.

Somewhere the big dog barked again. With the help of fear and echoes and winter silences, that dog had a voice like a big bronze gong.

Roland Weary, eighteen years old, insinuated himself between the scouts, draped a heavy arm around the shoulder of each. "So what do The Three Musketeers do now?" he said.

Billy Pilgrim was having a delightful hallucination. He was wearing dry, warm, white sweatsocks, and he was skating on a ballroom floor. Thousands cheered. This wasn't time-travel. It had never happened, never would happen. It was the craziness of a dying young man with his shoes full of snow.

One scout hung his head, let spit fall from his lips. The other did the same. They studied the infinitesimal effects of spit on snow and history. They were small, graceful

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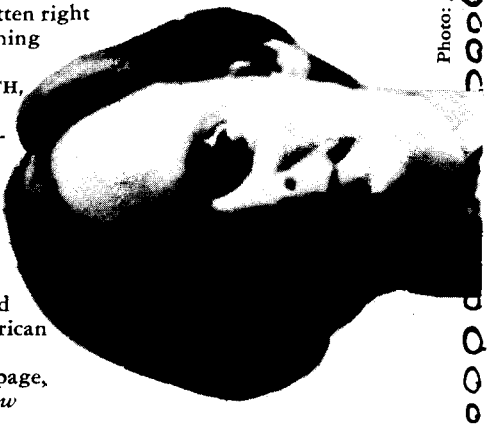

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RANDOM HOUSE

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people. They had been behind German lines many times before—living like woods creatures, living from moment to moment in useful terror, thinking brainlessly with their spinal cords.

Now they twisted out from under Weary's loving arms. They told Weary that he and Billy had better find somebody to surrender to. The scouts weren't going to wait for them any more.

And they ditched Weary and Billy in the creekbed.

* * *

Billy Pilgrim went on skating, doing tricks in sweatsocks, tricks that most people would consider impossible—making turns, stopping on a dime and so on. The cheering went on, but its tone was altered as the hallucination gave way to time-travel.

Billy stopped skating, found himself at a lectern in a Chinese restaurant in Ilium, New York, on an early afternoon in the autumn of 1957. He was receiving a standing ovation from the Lions Club. He had just been elected president, and it was necessary that he speak. He was scared stiff, thought a ghastly mistake had been made. All those prosperous solid men out there would discover now that they had elected a ludicrous waif. They would hear his reedy voice, the one he'd had in the war. He swallowed, knew that all he had for a voice box was a little whistle cut from a willow switch. Worse—he had nothing to say. The crowd quieted down. Everybody was pink and beaming.

Billy opened his mouth, and out came a deep, resonant tone. His voice was a gorgeous instrument. It told jokes which brought down the house. It grew serious, told jokes again, and ended on a note of humility. The explanation of the miracle was this: Billy had taken a course in public speaking.

And then he was back in the bed of the frozen creek again. Roland Weary was about to beat the living shit out of him.

* * *

Weary was filled with a tragic wrath. He had been ditched again. He stuffed his pistol into its holster. He slipped his knife into its scabbard. Its triangular blade and blood gutters on all three faces. And then he shook Billy hard, rattled his skeleton, slammed him against a bank.

Weary barked and whimpered through his layers of scarf from home. He spoke unintelligibly of the sacrifices he had made on Billy's behalf. He dilated upon the piety and heroism of The Three Musketeers, portrayed, in the most glowing and impassioned hues, their virtue and magnanimity, the imperishable honor they acquired for themselves, and the great services they rendered to Christianity.

It was entirely Billy's fault that this fighting organization no longer existed,

Kim Yung Rim: Beggar

KIM YUNG RIM, KOREAN, AGE 5. Youngest of four children. Father dead. TB. Live in tent on top of hill. No facilities. No warm clothing. No blankets. Children freeze in hard Korean winter. Mother cannot find job. Family always hungry. Children forced to beg for food. Mother frantic for children she cannot feed, clothe and shelter. Help to Yung Rim means help to entire family.

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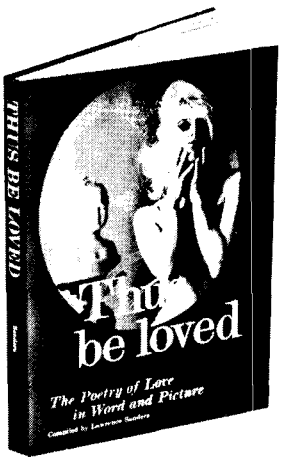

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Weary felt, and Billy was going to pay. Weary socked Billy a good one on the side of his jaw, knocked Billy away from the bank and onto the snow-covered ice of the creek. Billy was down on all fours on the ice, and Weary kicked him in the ribs, rolled him over on his side. Billy tried to form himself into a crooked ball.

"You shouldn't even *be* in the Army," said Weary.

Billy was involuntarily making convulsive sounds that were a lot like laughter. "You think it's funny, huh?" Weary inquired. He walked around to Billy's back. Billy's jacket and shirt and undershirt had been hauled up around his shoulders by the violence, so his back was naked. There, inches from the tips of Weary's combat boots, were the pitiful buttons of Billy's spine.

Weary drew back his right boot, aimed a kick at the spine, at the tube which had so many of Billy's important wires in it. Weary was going to break that tube.

But then Weary saw that he had an audience. Five German soldiers and a police dog on a leash were looking down into the bed of the creek. The soldiers' blue eyes were filled with a bleary civilian curiosity as to why one American would try to murder another one so far from home, and why the victim should laugh.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE POPE'S NO'S

SIRS: I recall seeing Warren Hinckle III on television once—one of those interview programs—and being pleased by his smug inarticulateness. I have just finished reading his review of *Humanae Vitae* [RAMPARTS, September 7, 1968] and, oh yes, I take it all back. Take away his argument, which was good, and what remains is as polished a piece of writing as can be found in contemporary journalism.

RICHARD L. MEEHAN
Palo Alto, California

SIRS: I should like to congratulate Warren Hinckle on his review of the recent papal encyclical *Humanae Vitae*. Although his case is occasionally marred by a tendency to cuteness, he raises significant questions, both in terms of the natural law argument itself and in a larger context.

However I was somewhat disturbed both by the logical status and the broader implications of his remarks on Protestant views of sex. After accurately pointing out that the Church has long been afflicted by the Augustinian dualism with regard to sex, which has forced it into endless casuistry, Mr. Hinckle moves into a rather broad generalization: "The idea that sexual pleasure for its own sake is sinful and intercourse is only justified in the procreation of children has hardly been an exclusive of the Church of Rome. John Calvin was a hard man; even Luther's marriage to a nun did not serve to bias Protestantism in favor of free love . . ." At first, this non sequitur made me gasp. The fact that Calvin was a hard man and that Luther did not believe in free love comes nowhere near establishing that they held sexual pleasure for its own sake was sinful, that procreation was the only justification for intercourse. At most, Mr. Hinckle has only established that the reformers placed sex in the context of marriage. But Luther's comment that for the average couple sex should be indulged in about twice a week makes absurd any claim that he saw procreation as the only justification of sex.

The broader implications of Mr. Hinckle's castigation of Christian understandings of sex also surprised me. It is without doubt that the Church has often held the Victorian view that sex can only be justified by marriage. Happily, this position seems to be dying out. But its demise does not establish free love as the norm. The possibility still remains that sex in the context of a mature and permanent commitment has personal dimensions impossible in a more transitory relationship. I am by no means trying to establish such a view as normative or "right." At the same time it is possible to hold this position and yet not be guilty of the dualism which Mr. Hinckle so rightly condemns.

GEORGE KUYKENDALL JR.
New York City

SIRS: If Warren Hinckle did indeed receive a Catholic education—something I am beginning to doubt after reading about his experiences—he certainly didn't study very hard. Contrary to what Hinckle said in the September 7th issue, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception has absolutely nothing to do with anyone's virgin birth.

What was your grade in religion, Mr. Hinckle?

GEORGE O. ACKERMAN
Washington, D.C.

SIRS: While Warren Hinckle's analysis of the Seventh Encyclical was extremely interesting and amusing, it was also very naive. True, Mr. Hinckle makes it clear that the fate of a homeless sperm is indeed only secondary to the fate of the Vatican's power; but over whom is this power manifest?

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"When a sex or class is condemned to immanence [restriction of scope of activity]," writes Simone de Beauvoir, "it is necessary to offer the mirage of a form of transcendence." And religion, especially an elaborate religion like Catholicism, is the perfect mirage. In short, "free" people simply don't pray as much as the "serfdom," a group I divide into three categories: a) black people —how many nuns and priests have been in some way punished for holding a sign lettered "Freedom Now?"; b) peasants, workers—it is no coincidence that some of the poorest nations are those which are the most devoutly Catholic. Sure we know what causes fire, floods and famine, but the average Brazilian doesn't. It's God's will. And paradoxically, the more he submits to God's will, the less chance he has of escaping it. The villain here is not erection but education; c) women—Pope Paul would have us believe that widespread use of contraceptives would cause the male sex to lose respect for us females.

For centuries, the greatest obstacle in the fight to emancipate women has been the Roman Catholic Church. The Church is based upon the cult of the family: the patriarchal authority and the chaste, subordinate wife. Aided by Margaret Sanger in the 1930's and 1940's, and the Pill in the 1960's, this setup is fast becoming obsolete, a process of which the Pope is well aware. I'm sure he did face an agonizing decision: how to keep women home? You see, Mr. Hinckle, masturbation notwithstanding, it's not really *man's* reproductive function the Church wishes to control; it's *woman's*. And again, the paradox I mentioned before.

Actually, when one thinks of the Church, is anything *not* a paradox?

LESLEY PRATT
Parents' Aid Society
Hempstead, New York

SIRS: Warren, baby, the thing on the Church and birth control is a bit like flogging a dead dog, especially for RAMPARTS readers. Then there is the unfortunate screw-up in your theology. The Immaculate Conception does not refer to anyone's having gotten conceived without a pair of doers. Rather it refers to the presence of the Holy Ghost at the vaginal portals, as it were, to let poppa's penis pass, but keep Original Sin out: a theological Maxwell's Demon. What wayward thoughts you must have been engaged in while this delicate doctrine was being discussed! I'm afraid you don't really pass muster as a first-rate runaway Catholic. Should you feel the need for still another contributing editor to fill this gap, I hereby volunteer my services.

T. L. BROWN
Champaign, Illinois

SPITTING IMAGES

SIRS: I thought Mr. Stermer's portraits were very good [RAMPARTS, August 10, 1968].

I didn't know he was a painter, as well as an Art Editor. Boy, he has it both ways.

My very best wishes.

NORMAN ROCKWELL
Stockbridge, Massachusetts

SIRS: With all the frightful truths in your issue of August 10th, the portrait of Hubert Humphrey came through right to the nerve ends. It was all there, in the best representation I have seen, in those Triassic, reptilian eyes.

C. D. DI GIAMBATTISTA
Midland, Texas

PORNOGRAPHY vs. ART

SIRS: I was both amused and horrified by Peter Collier's article, "Pirates of Pornography" [RAMPARTS, August 10, 1968].

Last year, some 70 different novels originally published by the Olympia Press in Paris were pirated by three West Coast "publishers": Greenleaf, or Reed Enterprises (William Hamlyng); Brandon House, or Parliament News (Milton Luros); and Collectors' Publications (Marvin Miller). As a result, some 20 million books were printed and sold by those three pirates without any royalties being paid to the authors themselves, or to anyone else. One year before that, one of my books, *Candy*, had sold more than eight million copies in 10 or 12

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different pirated editions (including one by Lancer Books of New York)—without any royalties being paid either. Those facts of banditry were made possible only because of the American copyright system (to which Abraham Kaminstein, head of the U.S. Copyright Office, recently referred by saying: "We are a nation of literary pirates.").

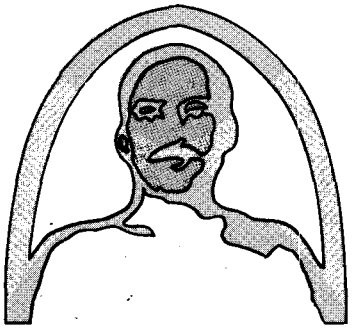
As I have now emigrated professionally to New York, and as the Olympia Press has become an American enterprise, Peter Collier has conceived the amusing (to him) fiction of a "war of the gangs" between those West Coast pirates and myself. I must reject that view of things as false, absurd and degrading. I have been a creative publisher for 30 years now and I have nothing to do with that sorry bunch, apart from the fact that they stole from me. I ask you, is it fair to put the thieves and their victims in the same cell?

The unfortunate thing is that, to safeguard the symmetry of his article, Peter Collier feels compelled to bring me down to their level—ethically and professionally. He insists on calling me a "pornographer," and therefore dismisses the fact that I published *Lolita*, *The Ginger Man*, Samuel Beckett's novels, as well as Henry Miller's and Lawrence Durrell's, *Naked Lunch*, Jean Genet's books, *The Story of O*—and even *Zorba the Greek*—long before those books were discovered by my distinguished American colleagues. Young Mr. Collier considers all this as a smoke screen of sorts, whose only function is to conceal my shady pornographic activities. No doubt he knows better! But I am not ashamed of having published such "pornography" as *Candy*, and to have ridiculed American censorship when it was dangerous to do so.

Peter Collier is so eager to reduce me to his own vision of things that my authors are all described as pestilent hacks and depraved characters. He portrays the witty and delightful Harriet Daimler, for instance, as "one of the few modern pornographers able to recreate the mood of de Sade's blood-and-semen-flecked fantasies." Which simply shows that he read neither Daimler nor Sade. Another of my authors, Norman Singer, is described as a pornographic hack, simply because of the titles of his books: *Curtain of Flesh* and *The Pornographer*.

The method of reporting the opinion of my natural enemies and detractors in order to blacken my character more easily is brought to a delightful climax when Collier quotes one Brian Kirby of Brandon House (not to be confused with Random House, incidentally), saying of me: "Sure he's being screwed on his books; but don't forget that he made a living screwing people for several years—his own writers and everybody else. . . ." Just like that! Mr. Kirby may be a fraudulent nincompoop and a delirious scatterbrain, but he has no right to charge *me* of everything of which *he* is guilty! Really!

I am immensely grieved and surprised to see such journalistic methods tolerated in RAMPARTS. That type of mud-slinging belongs to the growling gargoyles who sponsor



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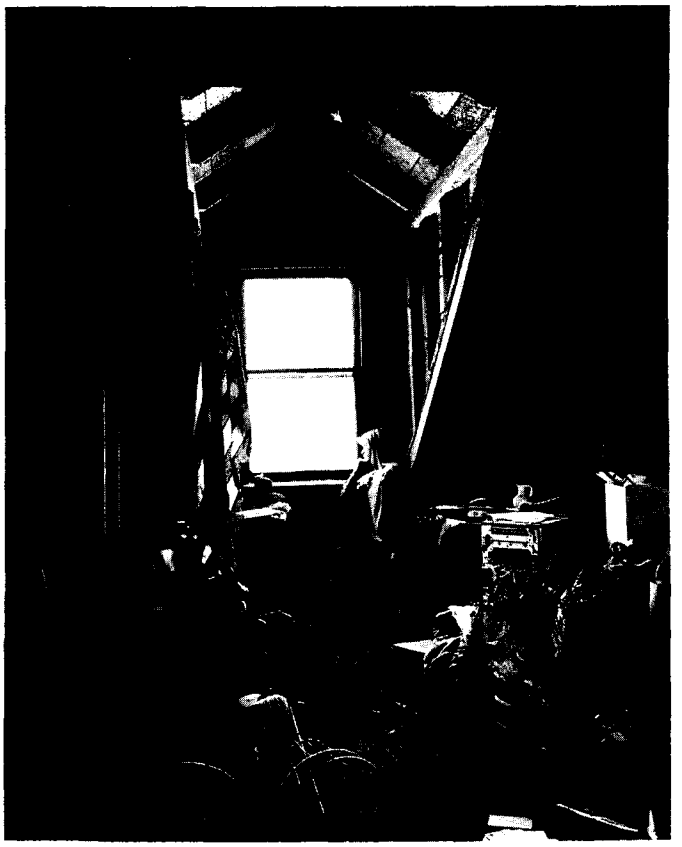

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the League of Citizens for Decent Literature —certainly not to the champions of political and intellectual freedom. . . . Or am I having bad dreams again?

MAURICE GIRODIAS
The Olympia Press, Inc.
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BRAVO RAMPARTS

SIRS: I certainly admire your spirit of: "When attacked by the enemy, attack him harder! When pressured to retreat, advance instead!" Some other publications, when threatened with a financial crisis caused by a faltering of the weak-hearted and conservative-headed souls amongst their supporters, would have cut back their frequency of publication. Instead, you have stepped up your frequency of publication. *¡Bravo braceros!* No scabs will pick your grapes! What other element of the left in America reaches a quarter of a million American people regularly? Thank you for giving us more of RAMPARTS; we need more of this magazine that is not afraid to stand by the Black Panthers.

Keep it up!

BERNARD EDWIN GALITZ
Somerville, Massachusetts

BOB AND AL

SIRS: Paul Cowan neglected to mention one rather important point in his analysis of Al Lowenstein ["What Makes Al Lowenstein *Run?*" RAMPARTS, September 7, 1968].

At the time of Al's split with Bob Moses, SNCC was in the process of pushing the NAACP, CORE and Al's influence out of COFO, the coalition of civil rights organizations in Mississippi that Al was instrumental in organizing. This move was based on the belief that only SNCC was really in touch with the Mississippi black and could act in his real interest.

I am not competent to judge the ultimate wisdom of either position. Through my association with Al at the time, however, I believe it is accurate to say that the split over this issue is at least as important as the events Mr. Cowan describes in interpreting Al's actions vis-á-vis SNCC.

SKIP MARTIN
New York

BIAFRA

SIRS: With reference to "Let Them Eat Oil" [RAMPARTS, September 7, 1968], we know that the big oil companies are making huge profits on poor countries, including Nigeria. Is oil primarily responsible for the Nigerian/Biafran war? Certainly not, and if the authors think so, they have not proven it. The only thing I can gather on the basis of what they say is that the oil companies had a strong desire to be on the side of whoever, after the war was over, would be the happy owner of the oil fields.

This does not mean that the oil companies were a primary causal factor for the war. The main, but not the only, cause for the tragic war lies in the continuous friction and struggle for power among the various ethnic groups (more than 300, including the smaller ones) all of which are, in a sense, minorities in Nigeria. I would not go as far as Ruth First in the same issue of RAMPARTS when she quotes Biafran officials as speaking of "endemic ethnic incompatibility of Nigerians with Biafrans," but the root of the drama lies in the interrelations among the various ethnic groups and the challenges to the relations of power that have grown out of them. The "secession" by the Ibos isn't the first secession Nigeria has seen since its independence. All three major groups, Hausa-Fulanis, Yorubas and Ibos, have tried to get on top politically or to break away, and all have, until now, failed.

The history of Nigeria, as well as that of the present war, is a rich and complicated one and cannot be treated in terms of the oversimplistic patterns of thought used ad nauseam by would-be radicals, even if they are well intentioned.

NICK D. HETZER
Berkeley, California

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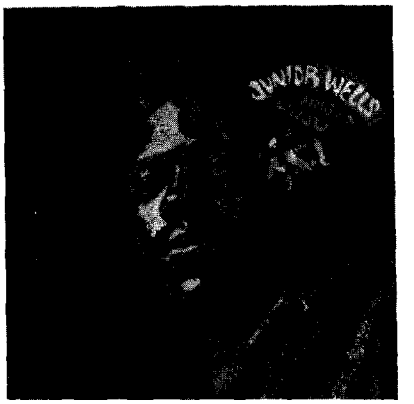

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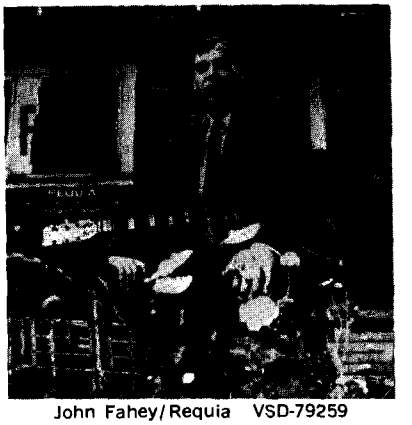

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Few in the American peace movement can help but feel the mood of frustration, bitterness, anger, and even sadness after the successful crushing of McCarthy's peace candidacy in Chicago and the victory of Russian imperialism in Prague. Everywhere the forces of war and imperialism seem to grow stronger and the resistance appears more and more consigned to irrelevant gestures—whether of Czech students courageously waving their national flag in front of Russian tanks or American students being clubbed by police. It is time, at this moment of crisis, to re-evaluate the theories, tactics, and strategy which have contributed to the impasse. Can the peace movement absorb the cruel truth revealed by Chicago and Prague, or will it blindly persist in continuous exercises in futility? It is time to wake up.

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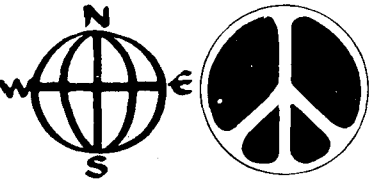

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